

ON THE EDGE OF THE
ORIENT BY ROBERT
HOWARD RUSSELL



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THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT



From the Desert.

THE
EDGE OF THE ORIENT

BY
ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.



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TO
BARBOUR LATHROP
IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR PLEASANT
JOURNEYINGS TOGETHER

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THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT

I

ZARA

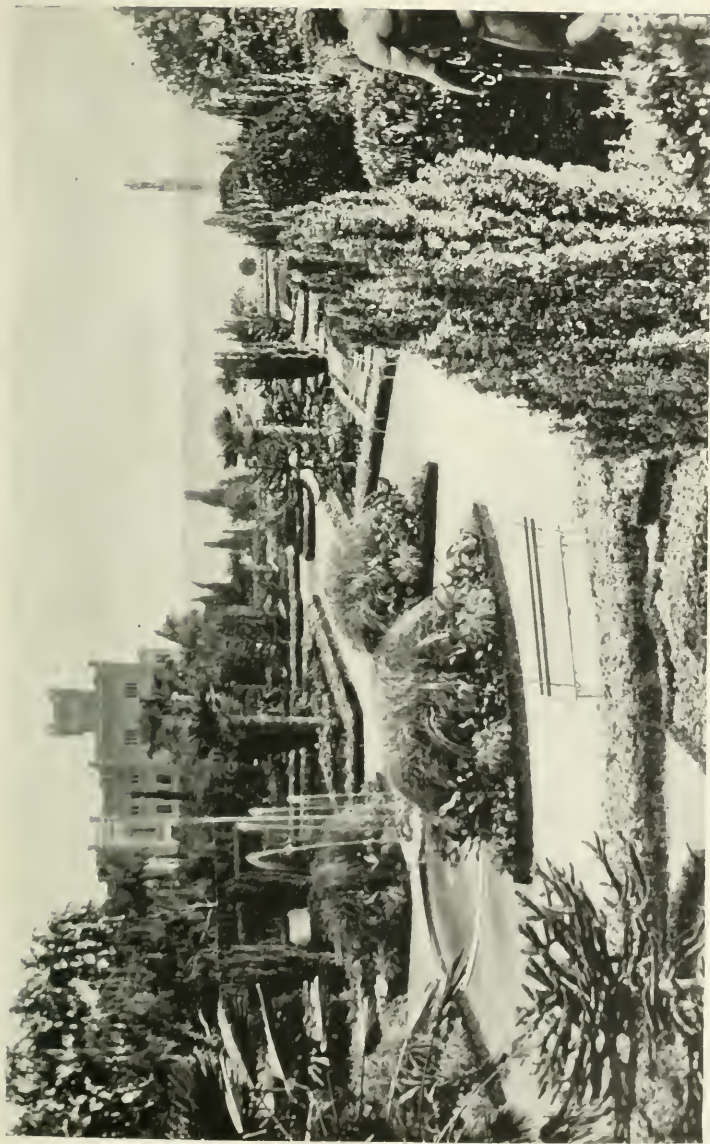
“IF you wish to get out of the beaten round of European travel ; if you wish to see one of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the world where picturesque costumes are yet worn, and the people are still simple and unsophisticated ; if you wish to find a climate that surpasses the Riviera, then run down to Trieste and take an Austrian Lloyd boat down the coast of Istria to Dalmatia, and if you can manage it, try to see Montenegro.”

This advice was given me by an Austrian government official as we sat one day under the shade of the blossoming chestnut-trees in the Haupt Allee watching the endless parade of Viennese wealth and beauty taking its afternoon airing in the Prater, and, although Vienna is sufficiently attractive in the spring to make one wish to tarry there indefinitely, the novelty of the excursion appealed to me, and one morning early in

May found me on the Süd Bahn Railway, on an early morning train bound for Trieste.

For some time after leaving Vienna the route traverses a beautiful plain rising gradually into the hills, where the famous Voslau wine is produced. At Gloggnitz you reach the commencement of the famous Semmering Railway, the pioneer of mountain railroads, and begin the ascent of the Styrian Alps, going through fifteen tunnels and over eighteen viaducts in the first thirty-five miles, while beautiful vistas of gray cliffs and green valleys are continually opening to you as you shoot out into the sunshine from the dark caverns which pierce the heart of the mountains.

At Klamm a gray cliff rises sheer from the centre of the valley, and from its summit rises the battered old castle of Prince Liechtenstein, once the very key of all Styria, but now deserted, half destroyed and looking pitifully powerless to cope with the engines of modern warfare. Then you pass over a great viaduct, and after plunging through a few more tunnels, find yourself on the other side of Semmering, descending into a grassy valley for a long run through the whole length of Styria, with flying glimpses of Gratz, with its fine old Schlossberg towering three hundred and fifty feet above the town; and picturesque old Marburg on the banks of the Dray, the



Marmar The Château of Maximilian.

centre of the Styrian fruit and wine country. Then the Julian Alps rise like misty clouds upon the horizon, and the snow-capped crown of Terglou peers over the heads of the others in the dim distance. Crossing the dreary rock-strewn plain of Karst to Divaca, where the celebrated grottos, caverns, and cataracts of St. Canzian and the Kronprinz Rudolf are, in another hour you are skirting a slope of trellised vines, olives, and figs, while before you stretches the beautiful blue Adriatic, Trieste, and the Istrian coast; and just below, on the Punta di Grignano, projecting into the sea, is Miramar, the unfortunate Maximilian's beautiful castle, from whose marble towers once floated the flag of Mexico.

Trieste is a very modern, new, and smart-looking city, and is one of the busiest-looking places you come across on the continent. Boats from every clime and every nation line the stone quays and cluster round the molos, and great freight trains crawl along the river-front distributing and collecting cargo from the ships. The blue waters are dotted with variegated sails from Venice and Chioggia, and the streets are peopled with sailors from all lands. The Corso is thronged with busy shoppers, and toward evening all Trieste turns out and takes possession of the innumerable small tables in front of the restaurants in the Piazza Grande, where groups of dignified-looking Aus-

trian officers in full uniform are seated in the open street discussing ridiculous little yellow, red, and green ices like a lot of schoolboys. However, the ices are not so distressing as are the cigars which are smoked here; a good whiff from one of those blown in your face by a passing soldier being a revelation in the possibilities of bad tobacco. The Austrians, who are an ingenious people, have invented a way of smoking them which probably tempers their severity. The end of the cigar is thrust into a little pasteboard cornucopia having at the lesser end a long quill. This removes the cigar from the immediate vicinity of the smoker, and gives it an additional flavor of pasteboard and goose-quill which may possibly render it more desirable.

At the long Molo San Carlo a trim little steamer, the Trieste, which had just returned from a three months' cruise, for which it had been chartered by Stephanie, the crown princess of Austria, was lying, puffing out little jets of steam as though impatient to be off and reveal to its passengers the old walled cities of the Dalmatian coast, and the beautiful islands of the Adriatic; so one May morning we cast loose from the wharf and steamed away south, keeping close to the olive-clad shores of Istria, and passing the pretty coast towns of Pirano, battlemented by the towers and pinnacles of an ancient fortress; Umago,



Trieste. The Water Front.

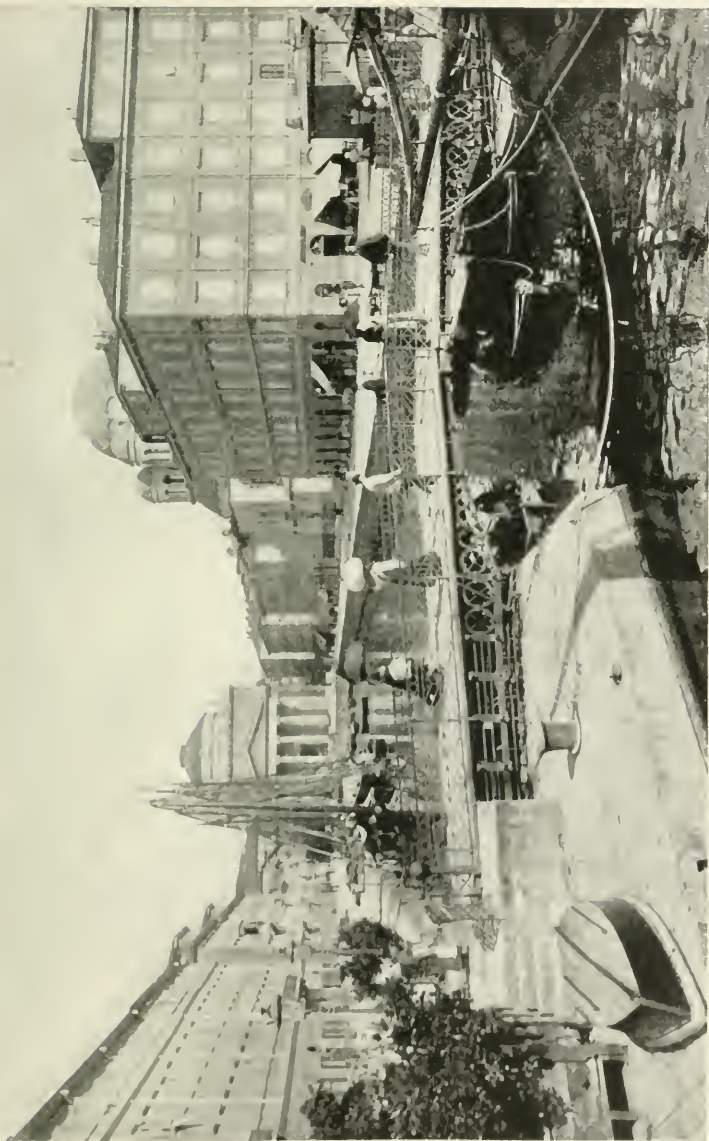
with its lofty spire ; and Parenzo, once the first station of the Crusaders. At Rovigno a slender miniature Campanile, copied from its great prototype at Venice, lifts its head high above the little town and remains in sight a long time as we steam slowly along. Then we pass the little island of Brione, and shortly after, on rounding a promontory crowned by a metal bombproof turret, come suddenly into view of the harbor of Pola.

All day we have been passing picturesque little craft from Venice and Chioggia, with quaint shaped sails of many colors, which were apparently sailing lazily about for no other purpose than to attract painters of water-colors, and decorate and beautify the bosom of the blue Adriatic ; but here at Pola we see the modern iron-clad fleet of the Austro-Hungarian navy, not so picturesque perhaps, but grim and formidable, and behind these modern war engines the gray walls of the old arena constructed in the time of the Antonines as a theatre for the combats of gladiators and wild beasts. The arched enclosure, in which over fifteen thousand people could have witnessed the desperate struggles of the trained gladiators, or the fierce encounters of wild beasts, is now peacefully carpeted with green turf and overgrown with ivy and wild geranium. Toward the other side of the town on Monte Zara, an emi-

nence commanding a beautiful view of the harbor, stands Kundmann's noble statue of the Austrian naval hero, Tegetthoff, gazing fixedly out at sea, far beyond the steel-clad fleet which lies at anchor below; while close at hand is the Austrian naval school where boys in blue uniforms learn to furl sails and climb the tall mast which is set in the ground with a great net spread below to catch them in case of a fall.

At the head of the Bay of Quarnero, which lies to the east of the Istrian peninsula, is Fiume, the chief seaport of Hungary, and near by is the little Croatian town of Delnicze which has recently attained to fame in consequence of a wholesale elopement which was carried on there lately by twenty-six gallant young Croatian Lochinvars who descended upon the town and carried off on horseback the twenty-six maidens of their choice, in spite of the ineffectual protests of their bewildered parents. It is not uncommon for Croatian girls to force consent to their marriages by elopement, but an organized raid on this scale was unprecedented, and made a sensation even in Croatia.

One hundred miles to the south of Pola lies Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, the southernmost crown land of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, a long, attenuated strip of territory stretching from Istria to Montenegro. Narrow as are the limits



Trieste. Grand Canal and San Antonio Nuovo.

Zara

of Dalmatia, confined between the blue waters of the Adriatic and the bleak, barren limestone mountain, it has produced a fine race of brave



Market Woman.

and bold seamen and soldiers who were once the pride and main support of the great republic of Venice. They are to-day, however, as they have always been, a people of little education, and even

The Edge of the Orient

the Turk, who has many times been made to respect their prowess, has a sneering proverb which says, "Without a book, like a Dalmatian."



Morlaks

Zara is the place whose existence you have always doubted when you have seen it on the label of a maraschino bottle, for the reason that no one could ever tell you where it was, and the only allusion you ever saw to it in print was that on the label, so when you come sailing into the beautiful har-

bor and your steamer makes fast to the fine stone quay which extends along the whole length of the town, having replaced the great walls which struck terror to the hearts of the Crusaders who once came here and besieged the old city, it ra-

ther surprises you to find that it is a real place and not an invention of the lithographer who printed the maraschino labels.

Zara is not only real, but it is exceedingly picturesque. The early market in the public square is full of color and costume, fine, buxom-looking girls, with brown skins and dark eyes, are selling artichokes, flowers, vegetables and poultry, or standing at ease with the carcass of a dead lamb held carelessly before them by the hind legs, as a New York *débutante* might hold a bouquet. Picturesque groups of *morlaks*, or gypsies, from the country stroll about the market-place, the men wearing short jackets of coarse blue homespun stuff, embroidered with designs in red and yellow, and trousers of the same material, open at the sides below the knee and supported by great leathern belts ornamented with brass, and often roughly set with agates and other colored stones; their feet shod in roughly made moccasins worn over gay-colored coarse stockings; and, placed at a jaunty angle on their heads, little red skull-caps edged with black. The women are still more gorgeously arrayed in a costume not unlike that of our traditional stage Indian princess. Austrian soldiers in plain dull blue uniforms chat with the flower-girls; venders of paper flowers and tapers bargain in the doorway of the Duomo with their customers; and the

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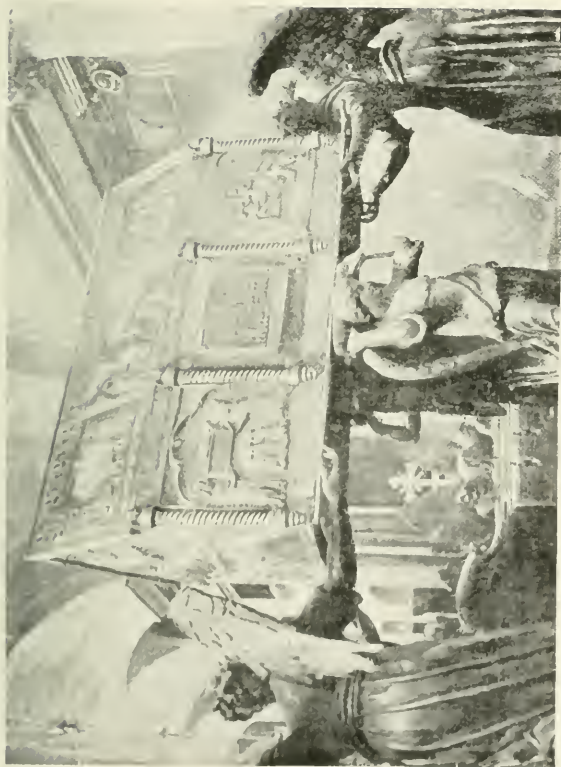
whole square presents a scene of bustling activity which is heightened by the shrill cries of the



Street Types.

market-women in their endeavors to call attention to their wares.

There is a quaint old church at Zara containing



Shrine of Saint Simeon.

a silver-gilt shrine in which it is claimed reposes the body of Saint Simeon, the prophet who held the infant Jesus in his arms and sang the *Nunc Dimittis*. The shrine, which is in the shape of an ark over six feet in length and five feet in height, is covered with most highly decorated and wrought silver panels, and is supported by two marble and two bronze angels, the latter having been cast from guns captured in the seventh century from the Turks by the Venetians. According to tradition, the body of the good saint was brought to Zara by a knight returning from the Crusades, whose ship, after encountering a severe gale at sea, drifted helplessly into the port of Zara. While awaiting repairs to his vessel the knight fell ill, and on his death-bed divulged to the monks in attendance that he had on board his ship no less precious a relic than the body of Saint Simeon. After the death of the knight the body of the saint was exhibited in the church, and many marvellous cures were wrought by it, causing its fame to spread throughout all Dalmatia. In the fourteenth century, Queen Elizabeth, of Hungary, made a visit to Zara, and wishing to take away with her some relic of the venerable miracle-worker, she broke a finger from one of his hands, in return for which the enraged saint deprived her of her sight on the spot. She strove to flee from the church but was unable to find the door,

so groping her way back to the altar she fell on her knees, confessed her sin, and replaced the finger which immediately united itself to the hand. The Queen's sight was restored, but her own hand which had touched the body of the saint became withered. Then, for the second time, the Queen made supplication to the saint for forgiveness, promising to present him with a silver shrine in which his body could be more becomingly bestowed than in the humble wooden affair in which he then rested. This promise appeased the venerable prophet, the Queen's withered hand was at once made whole, and upon her return to her palace she commissioned a Milanese silversmith named Francesco to execute this costly shrine, in the construction of which nearly one thousand pounds of silver were used, and, as Francesco received twenty-eight thousand ducats for his labor, the Queen had a pretty penny to pay for a broken finger. The body of the saint is still in an excellent state of preservation; the head rests on a wooden pillow which supports a silver crown set with precious stones, while on the forefinger are numerous beautifully chased gold rings said to have been placed there by the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth at the time the finger was so miraculously joined to the hand.

There are other interesting old churches in Zara dating back to the thirteenth century, and



Via Larga, Zara.

Zara

having richly carved altars and choir-stalls; and then there are some very modern-looking build-



The Municipality.

ings on the principal street, the Via Larga, and a new tower, built after designs by Jackson, the English archaeologist, who is an authority on

Dalmatia and has written three volumes on the subject. The Dalmatians of to-day first discovered their past history through him, and as a reward for his services to their country they have caused a gold medal to be struck in his honor.

Hidden away here and there amongst the modern buildings are the relics of the Roman and Venetian occupations of the old town. Fragments of an old Roman temple, dedicated to Juno Augusta, consort of Emperor Augustus, have been built into the ancient church of St. Donato, which was erected in the ninth century. In the Piazza dell' Erbe rises an antique Corinthian column crowned with the lion of St. Mark, having heavy iron rings fixed in its base, showing that it was once used as a pillory. Farther on are the Cinque Pozzi (five fountains), erected in 1574 by the Veronese architect Sammicheli, who also constructed the land gate of the town. In the Piazza del Signori is the Municipio, now used as a fire department and conscripting office, whence now and then emerges a tall Dalmatian, holding his head high in the air and stepping proudly, impressed with his newly won importance as a soldier of the Emperor Franz Joseph.

A delightful walk along the Riva Nuova brings you to a part of the town where the gateways are bowered with roses and the cherry-trees are in full bloom. Here lives Guiseppe Manzin, the vil-



The Piazza dell' Erbe

Zara

lage doctor, and the moving spirit of the town. The old gentleman ushered us into his parlor, a long narrow room down the centre of which ran a row of marble pedestals supporting a curious



A Conscript.

array of modern Italian art, chief among which were busts of Guiseppe and his wife, ready, as he told us, to be placed upon their tombstones at their death. With great pride did the old doctor and his wife show us the treasures of their parlor—the wonder of Dalmatia. The old gentleman

seated himself at a new mechanical piano from Paris, and let his hands roam lightly over the keys, while he pumped away vigorously on the treadle with his feet, and, when he had finished, the old lady brought out a mechanical bird in a golden cage and put her head down to the little feathered automaton and called "cheepie—cheepie—cheepie" encouragingly, as she put in motion the mechanism which gave him voice. The old people knew every note and movement of the bird, and as he turned his head from side to side they bent over and encouraged him with chirps and calls and terms of endearment, evincing the greatest possible pride in his performance. Last of all they showed us their dining-room, where a great sideboard was set as if for a banquet, with wax fruit, papier-mache turkeys, hams and joints; baskets of grapes, peaches and pears carved from marble and brilliantly colored, and a large centre-piece of artificial flowers. This was their *pièce de resistance*, and the old people fairly beamed with pride as they showed us the various pieces. When we took our leave the old gentleman courteously bowed us out of his house, and we strolled back to the stone quay where our steamer was lying, stopping on the way to buy a bottle of the famous "Rosolio Maraschino," distilled from "Amarasca," the cherries which grow in profusion on the lime-stone soil of Poljica, for

Zara

which we paid only twenty cents—less than is sometimes charged for a tiny liqueur-glass of it here.

Then we boarded our little steamer and sailed away through a narrow winding strait between rocky walls, bearing with us a pleasant memory of the quaint old town of Zara, and of the content and childlike old couple living their peaceful lives there surrounded by their toys.

II

SEBENICO AND SCARDONA

SOME fifty miles to the south of Zara, lies the picturesque old city of Sebenico. As you approach the harbor from the Adriatic you cannot fail to be impressed with the admirable judgment displayed by the ancient robbers and pirates who founded the city in choosing the situation for their stronghold.

Between you and the broad sheet of still blue water which reflects the quaint old houses, towers, and castles of the ancient city is stretched an apparently impenetrable barrier. Presently, however, the steamer reaches a narrow cleft in the rock close under an old Venetian fortress, above which the lion of St. Mark still keeps watch, proudly ignoring the fact that the town has long since ceased to be his to guard.

The opening in the rocks is barely wide enough to admit of the passage of the steamer, which slowly and cautiously makes its way through the tortuous channel to the beautiful harbor, on the farther side of which, piled up against the side of



Sebenico

Sebenico and Scardona

the mountain, are the picturesque old houses and gray walls of the city, overshadowed and commanded by the massive battlements of the old castle of Santa Anna, built on the highest point of



On the Wharf, Sebenico.

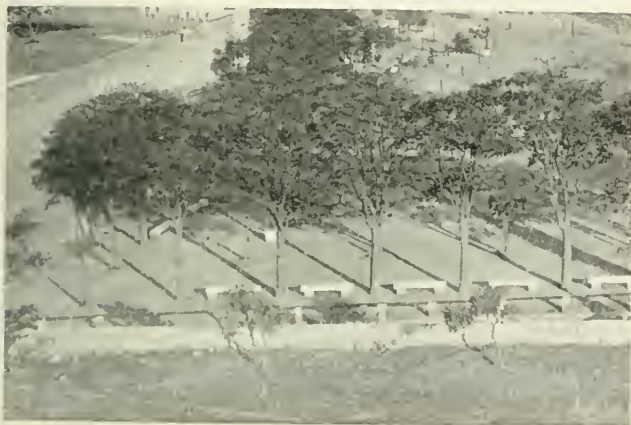
the town ; while far above, on the mountain side, where the old robbers were used to watch the sea for ships which they might plunder, are the two castles of San Giorgio and Il Barone.

Our steamer made fast to the stone quay, where a group of sullen-looking men in pictur-

esque costumes stood regarding us with mild curiosity. Their little red caps, which are not bigger than the palm of your hand, have a dab of black fringe over the right ear, and are worn jauntily upon the side of their heads, where they are held in place by elastic bands; their red or blue waistcoats are decorated with silver ornaments and coins, and display two rows of large filigree buttons hanging pendant from little silver chains. Rough, shaggy jackets or cloaks covered with bunches of woollen fringe, and trousers of a coarse blue or brown homespun material roughly made, but gaily worked at the pockets, drawn tight to the leg, and often fastened up the back of the calf with a row of small silver buttons or hooks; and on their feet the *opanka*—a kind of moccasin or sandal made of a piece of rawhide turned up and fastened together at the toe, and laced over the instep with leathern thongs. Above this is worn a kind of spat of gay embroidery reaching above the ankle which completes the adornment of a Dalmatian gallant. Not long ago the *morlak*, or countryman of this part of the world, used to tie up his hair behind in a tight little pigtail, and wear his shirt outside of his trousers; but few of the Dalmatians of to-day adhere to this old custom.

Sebenico is filled with picturesque bits of architecture, carved doorways, sculptured coats of

arms on the gray walls, and quaint mullioned windows, looking out on the steep narrow streets, while the oft-recurring lion of St. Mark is a constant reminder of the days of Venetian supremacy. At one end of the town is the public square, with rude wooden benches beneath the



The Public Square.

trees, where the old people sit in the sun and gossip, and the young people sit in the moonlight and make love; and toward the other end is the old cathedral, with its great round dome, rising from the stone roof one hundred feet above the transept, and its richly carved marbles in the chancel and baptisterium. Opposite the cathedral, and separated from it by an open square, is the old Loggia, formerly the town-hall, but

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now doing duty as a third-class café. This open square is the favorite promenade of the women



Façade of Cathedral.

of Sebenico, and on feast-days they deck themselves in all their finery and walk up and down in little groups of two or three all the afternoon, for the delectation of the Sebenzani gallants, who sit on the stone seats by the side of the cathe-

Sebenico and Scardona

dral, or at the little tables of the café opposite, and placidly smoke and watch the show.



Women of the Sebenzani

The women of Sebenico have a costume peculiar to themselves, consisting of a short blue or black pleated skirt, with a dark bodice worn over a white chemise with flowing sleeves. The front of the bodice is laced with a heavy silk cord of

any bright color which may suit the fancy of the wearer ; young girls and unmarried women have a white linen front beautifully starched and clean to cover the bosom, while the married women wear a crimson or figured velvet instead of the linen, and when they have a great many children they proclaim their pride in their maternal achievements to an appreciative public by exchanging their crimson for black. Their hair is worn twisted up in a knot at the back of the head, with a wisp of white cloth braided into it, and covered with a white *panno* fastened like a turban, with long pendant ends behind. The effect of the costume is greatly destroyed by the almost universal adoption in cool weather of a sort of knit cardigan jacket, which conceals the picturesque white flowing sleeves.

From Sebenico to the Kerka Falls is about twelve miles, and makes a picturesque trip by boat, winding along up the river through bluffs and bare rocks of a yellow or orange color, which widen out as the river expands into the broad stretch known as Lake Prokljan, above which is Scardona, with its white church towers and the ruins of an old castle on a high crag lifting themselves above the olive-trees which embower the little town. There is not much left of Scardona. Since the seventh century Latins, Slavs, Croatians, Venetians, Hungarians, and Turks have

Sebenico and Scardona

successfully fought for it, gained it, and held brief sway over it; and, as if these devastating wars and demoralizing changes of ownership



On the Quay at Scardona

were not enough to discourage the little town, it has several times been sacked and burned by the neighboring cities of the coast, on account of the piratical habits of its citizens; and now fever, which rises from a stagnant marsh at the back of

the town, has set its mark upon them, and is doing its best to dispose of the few remaining inhabitants. If the traveller finds but little to see in Scardona to-day he can at least comfort himself by reflecting that he has afforded a pleasurable excitement in the lives of its citizens by visiting them, as visits from the outside world are apparently of rare occurrence, and are regarded as an occasion for a general holiday and merry-making. When we first caught sight of Scardona it had the appearance of a deserted village, not a soul being in sight; as we approached, a few of the more alert citizens appeared running toward the wharf. When we had landed we were followed through the streets by at least half the population of the hamlet, and even the Italians, who were playing *mora* in the dark basements of the little wine-shops came out from their dens and joined our escort, and by the time we were ready to depart on our way to the falls, every man, woman, and child in the place was on the wharf to see us off.

From Scardona you ascend the river through another rocky gorge, on the right of which rises Mount Tartaro, where the grapes for the Tartaro wine, which is highly esteemed in Dalmatia, are grown. Here and there along the barren, desert-like banks of the river are miserable little hovels which serve as shelter for the shepherds who

tend the flocks of lean sheep and goats, which the Dalmatians say feed on stones, and there is certainly nothing in the appearance of the wretched



animals which would appear to contradict the statement.

A sudden turn in the stream reveals the end of the gorge, where the sparkling waters of the falls of Kerka find an outlet from their narrow channel, and go rushing and foaming over the rocks, forcing their way between the little wooded islands and clumps of luxuriant foliage that stretch across the pass between the two ranges of sterile

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mountains. Here and there nestles a rude little cabin, whose occupants appear at our approach, and regard us with silent curiosity. The boys who tend the sheep and goats on the hills near by leave their flocks to their own devices, and come down to reap a harvest of small change by piping to us on their rudely carved wooden whistles, or *svirala*, as they name them, or offer us pieces of stalactite formation which they find in the small caverns about the falls.

The total height of the falls is about one hun-



Falls of Kerka.

dred and sixty feet, although nowhere do they have a sheer fall of any great height or descend



Castle of Santa Anna

in full volume, but spread the entire width of the valley, springing from the hills above in a series of leaps over rocky steps of from ten to thirty feet in height, twisting and turning as they come down, so that at no one point can you see the entire descent.

Higher up, beyond the point where the ranges of barren hills almost close together, is the lake of Vissovay, where, on a little wooded island, a few Franciscan monks spend peaceful lives in their little convent in the midst of the waters. Above the lake you can trace the river as it comes rushing down between the hills on its way from Mount Dinara, about twenty miles beyond, where it issues with a bound from a dark cavern in the mountain-side. The water-power from the falls has within a few years been applied to a pumping-station which affords Sebenico a plentiful supply of wholesome river-water, and now the enterprising inhabitants of that city, under the guidance of the Austrian Government, which has done so much for the improvement and development of its Dalmatian province, are building a power-house here which will generate electricity to be carried over the hills by wires to light the narrow streets of the old town.

Toward evening we returned to Sebenico, and found the streets thronged with promenaders in their gayest costume, as it was Whit-Monday.

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Beside the gray walls of the old Duomo, on a low stone bench, were seated a little group of Sebenzani. Two young girls with the gayest of silken lacings and freshest of white linen were at one end of the group, and next the prettiest one was sitting a handsome, lithe-looking gallant, with his



A Jealous Maiden.

red cap, bronzed face, and gorgeous waistcoat with silver buttons, while beyond was a wrinkled and dark-skinned old lady. The young people were not talking together, nor did the man even look at the dark-haired girl by whose side he sat, for the proud Dalmatian considers it beneath his dignity to talk to women in a public place, but the girl seemed happy and contented that he

should honor her by sitting beside her. Presently a group of women strolled along the piazza, two of them evidently sisters from their strong resemblance to each other. The elder wore the black front over her bosom which proclaimed her the mother of many children, while the younger and



General View of Sebenico

prettier of the two wore the white linen which announced her single state. As they approached, the young gallant on the bench started to his feet. The young girl modestly cast her eyes upon the ground as if she had not seen him, and the group turned and walked back toward the other end of the city, followed by the young man and the jealous and reproachful glances of the two maidens whom he had deserted.

At dinner our regret at leaving Sebenico was somewhat diminished by the music of the municipal band, which consisted for the most part of

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boys of twelve or fourteen dressed in blue uniforms, wearing little derby hats ornamented with waving plumes of cocks' feathers at the side. The mistaken kindness of the authorities subjected us to the crudities of their performance all during dinner, and it was not until we had put some miles of blue water between our steamer and the harbor of Sebenico that the memories of their discords were entirely obliterated.

III

TRAÛ AND SPALATO

EARLY one morning our little vessel cast loose from the stone quay at Sebenico, and threading its way out of the narrow channel steamed away south between the mainland and the island of Zlarin, toward little Traù, the ancient Tragiirium of the Romans. A few miles below Sebenico we passed out into the open sea and rounded the rocky promontory of Diomedis, famous through two thousand years for its dangers, but looking peaceful and quiet enough on this calm morning, crowned by its little votive chapel built by a grateful mariner, who so narrowly escaped shipwreck on this notorious point that he at once commenced the erection of the chapel to commemorate his escape, using his whole cargo of Malvasia wine to mix the mortar used in the construction of his thank-offering.

After rounding this redoubtable headland we again pass under the lee of a group of islands and presently come into view of the massive stone

towers of the old fortification, and the graceful church-spires of the ancient Roman city.

Traii is built on a small island cut off from the mainland by a narrow channel crossed by a wooden bridge, while opposite, protecting the little city from the *boras*—the fierce storms of the Adriatic—lies the island of Bua. The two islands are connected by a stone drawbridge, and are so close together that our steamer throws a rope to each, which being made fast we lie in mid-stream a little distance above the drawbridge.

Our arrival had been expected at Traii, and we were met on the wharf by Il Conte Gian Domenico de Fanfogna, the Podesta of the city, who conducted us through the lion-guarded gateway in the walls near a picturesque old Loggia, to the Piazza dei Signori, at one side of which is the imposing old cathedral, with fine sculpture and wonderful carvings beneath its impressive dark porch, while opposite is the old Loggia, which in Venetian times was the open-air court of justice, and where in honor of our arrival the municipal band was stationed, playing away industriously for our benefit. The Piazza was thronged with citizens listening to the music. Conspicuous in the crowd were the *morlak* women with their towering head-dresses, consisting of a kind of crown of red cloth built high up on their heads, and covered with a smooth, white linen kerchief

Traù and Spalato

falling in folds to their shoulders. This, with the heavy woollen aprons woven in gay stripes, and long, dark blue, sleeveless coats worn over a white woollen undergarment with flowing sleeves, all elaborately embroidered and decorated, makes one of the most striking and most picturesque



Old Loggia—Piazza dei Signori

costumes that can be seen in all Europe to-day. Some of the old market women, with their wicker baskets filled with green vegetables, and with faces seared by hardship and exposure, were such veritable old crones that they could have appeared as the witches in *Macbeth* without the trouble of making up. A good-natured Dalma-

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tian held two of the *morlak* women, whose modesty prompted them to escape my camera, and



Market Women in the Piazza.

while they were laughing at their capture I got a picture of the group. Finding that I had taken their pictures while they were laughing they



Morlak Women

were much disturbed, fearing perhaps that I could not have done them justice under such circumstances, and came and stood before me in solemn seriousness, with their hands folded, in order that I might obtain a more dignified souvenir of our meeting.

A reverend father conducted us through the doorway of the cathedral, which was guarded on one side by a great stone lion, above which was the figure of Adam, while on the other side, supported by a great lioness, stood Eve. The dimly lit interior is sombre and majestic, and rich with curious old carvings, and the treasury contains some fine old silver and wonderful embroidered vestments. When we had seen all the glories of the old Duomo, and the fine old organ, under the direction of our guide, had pealed a welcome to us, we were taken out beyond the walls of the city through the Porta di Terra Firma, which bears the statue of the redoubtable San Giovanni Orsini, the patron saint of Traù, whose bones repose in a chapel bearing his name in the old cathedral. San Giovanni was a wonderful man in his life-time, and well deserves the grateful remembrance of the Traùirini. Among his benevolent acts are cited the causing of scanty vintages to produce unusual quantities of wine, walking out on the waves to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew off Diomedis, and the destruction of Colo-

man's battering ram with a sling. When the Venetians sacked Traù in 1171 they found the body of the saint in the ark, which they were searching for treasure. Upon his finger was a wonderful ring, which through the intervention of some miraculous power could not be removed. Determined not to be baffled by a miracle the Venetian despoilers ruthlessly tore the arm from the body and carried it back to Venice with them, depositing it in the church of San Giovanni di Rialto. Some three years after, according to the Traùirini, San Giovanni, "who would be all their own," caused his arm to return on the eve of his festival, when it "came flying like a comet through the air, and was found on the ark wrapped in white linen," thus showing that the efficiency of the old saint as a miracle-worker had not been seriously impaired by his death. As a further example of his power, which continues to the present day, he has caused a cypress-bush to spring from between two stones, over the stone gateway which bears his effigy, and cunningly conceal the lion of St. Mark, which was placed there to assert the sovereignty of Venice, thus preventing the Traùirini of to-day from being reminded of their ancient bondage to the Great Republic. The Traùirini believes that this bush is miraculously sustained by the saint himself, and the *morlaks* regard its appearance each year as a prophesy

Traù and Spalato

of a good or bad season according as its foliage is green and luxuriant or yellow and sparse.

Outside the gate a little procession, consisting



Morlak — side the Porta di Terra Firma

of all the available rolling-stock of the entire section awaited us, as the streets of Traù are too narrow to admit of carriages, and they are but little used in the adjoining mountainous country.

Under the guidance of the Podesta we entered the six antiquated one-horse chaises, and to the wonder of the Traïirini, who have seldom seen so gallant a cavalcade, we were whirled away across the little wooden bridge to the mainland, where we were driven to the top of a great hill which commands a beautiful view of the little town and harbor, and, beyond the slope of the opposite island of Bua, the long stretch of the blue Adriatic. Then we were driven back through the vineyards and orchards of figs to the gateway of the little town, with its quaint, narrow streets and curious old houses, that has known such a changeful history. Founded by the Greeks, ruled by the Romans, sacked by the Saracens, attacked by the Tartars, subjugated by the Ban of Bosnia, it has survived and forgotten all its troublous times, and is passing its old age in peacefulness and content.

While the hawsers were being cast loose from either shore preparatory to our departure, the musicians stationed themselves on the little drawbridge which swung open for us to pass on our way to Spalato, and as we glided slowly through the narrow opening to the farewell strains of the band, the portly figure of the red-bearded Podesta, Il Conte Gian Domenico de Fanfogna, appeared under a sun umbrella in the midst of his musicians, waving us adieux.



Ruins of Salona.

From Traù we proceed down the Canale Castelli, which takes its name from the Sette Castelli, seven villages which originally sprang up under the shadows of seven old Venetian fortresses which still stand guard over them, and a little farther on our steamer makes the circuit of the fine bay on the shores of which once stood the proud city of Salona, the old Roman capital of Dalmatia and the bulwark of Roman power in the province. There is but little remaining above ground to testify to the ancient glory of the city.

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Spalato. The Harbor.

Taken and retaken time and again by Goths and Huns, it met its final ruin at the hands of the Avars in 639, and its marble columns and sculptured capitals now lie hidden in the dust of the centuries that have rolled over them since its fall. Rounding another point, we come in view of the harbor of Spalato, and in the distance is the city crowned by the great campanile which, hoarded in scaffolding to its very top, towers above the walls of Diocletian's palace. On May 1, 305 Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, abdicated

Traù and Spalato

his imperial throne and repaired to this his Dalmatian palace, ostensibly to raise cabbages, thus setting the stamp of imperial approval upon the first of May as the proper day on which to change one's abode.

The palace, which was twelve years in building, preserves to this day many traces of its former magnificence and its solid construction and vast proportions still excite admiration—nearly



Spalato From the North

ten acres being enclosed within the massive walls, which rise to a height of fifty feet on the land side, and over seventy feet toward the sea, where the land falls away. Along the quay in front of the sea-wall of the palace, market-boats from Greece, Turkey, Italy, and Hungary are ranged, with their colored sails stretched like awnings above their various cargoes of yellow fruit, green vegetables, golden dates, figs and nuts, and gay pottery of curious shapes, and here the boatmen bargain all day long, buying and selling or exchanging their wares for merchandise which will find a ready sale at their own ports. Here we see the first turbans of Mohammedans, as Spalato is the principal port for goods which are sent from Italy to Turkey overland, and the Turkish merchants have agents here to buy and ship their goods to them. The workmanship of the jewellers here shows traces of oriental influence, and some of the silver filigree work is as fine and well executed as any to be found in the bazaars of Constantinople or Damascus.

Diocletian's palace, although sufficiently large for the abode of one man, has made a cramped little city of Spalato, three-fourths of which is built within the palace walls. When the citizens of Salona were driven from their city by the Avars they fled here for protection and estab-



Remains of Diocletian's Palace, Spalato

lished themselves within the walls of the palace, building up every available space within their bounds, and leaving only the narrowest of little alleyways to serve for light and air and passage. Only the peristyle of the palace was left free to serve as a public square, and even here the beautiful columns of red syenite have been roughly hacked into and used as supports for the wretched little houses which have grown up between them.

At the end of the peristyle is the entrance to the temple, guarded on one side by an Egyptian sphinx of black granite. In the museum of the town is the body of the companion sphinx which formerly guarded the other side of the doorway, but long ago on some unlucky day it lost its head and was removed from its post of duty. The head has since reappeared, built into the walls of the house of a citizen of the town, where it may be seen to-day, but persuasions, bribes, and even the threats of the Austrian Government have as yet failed to convince this lover of art of the propriety of restoring it to the headless body in the museum. We were conducted through the narrow streets of the old town to the cathedral, the temple of Æsculap, and the museum, by a man who is to Spalato to-day what Diocletian must have been in his time—the man of the place. It is he who

has charge of all the restorations and repairs of the ancient monuments of the town. It is he who personally superintends the rebuilding of the campanile. It is he who founded and directs the little museum where most of the treasures found at Salona are stored ; and it is he who attends to the welfare of the souls of the Spalatini of to-day. His card reads as follows :

MSGR. FR. BULIC.
Chambrier de honneur de S. S. Léon XIII.
Directeur du Gymnase et du Musée Archéologique
Conservateur de la Commission Centrale pour les monu-
ments d'art et d'histoire
Membre Correspondant de l'Académie Jugoslave
Membre ordinaire de l'Institut Archéologique Allemand
SPALATRO-DALMATIE
Autriche.

Later in the day, in company with our reverend conductor, we climbed to the top of the scaffolding which surrounds the old campanile, toward the restoration of which the Austrian Government gives from thirty to forty thousand florins annually, and had an extensive view of the surrounding country, the plain of Salona, and the sea. There are many large vineyards all about

here, but in late years the wine industry has not prospered, as since the treaty with Italy, which allows of the competition of Italian wines in Austria, the demand for the wine of Spalato has decreased, and it may now be had at the rate of three or four cents a bottle.

In the evening we went to a very new and modern theatre, which seemed entirely out of place in the old city, and heard a Bohemian opera troupe give the "Seven Ravens," which was described as follows on the programme:

SEDEM GAVRANOV

Veliko carobno djelo u 13 slika

Muzika raznih uitelja. Upravitelj kapelnik

H. BENISKE. Redatelj L. Chmelensky

and, to do the Bohemians justice, it sounded as bad as it looks.

The next day we steamed away south again, past the island of Solta, the ancient Olynta, famed for its wonderful honey produced from the cistus rose and rosemary, and out into the blue Adriatic, which was as placid as an inland lake, and after rounding the point of Lesina, shaped our course for the island of Curzola.

IV

CURZOLA AND RAGUSA

THE old city of Curzola, which lies at the eastern extremity of a fine wooded island of the same name, is chiefly known to fame on account of the great naval battle between the Genoese and the Venetians, which took place in the narrow channel dividing the island from the long peninsula of Sabbioncello which juts out from the main land. Here the Genoese defeated the Venetians and captured the famous old navigator Marco Polo, who had just returned from the Chinese seas. Andrea Dandolo, the Venetian provveditore, too proud to bear the ignominy of defeat, dashed out his brains against the side of the Genoese galley that was bearing him away as a prisoner of war, and Marco Polo was carried away to Genoa and thrust into a dungeon, where he wrote his wonderful book of travels. Before their defeat by the Genoese the Venetians had experienced considerable difficulty in governing the little island, owing to the independent spirit of the Curzolani, who at times rose in open rebellion



and defied their rulers. Count Zorzi, who endeavored to extend his power in the island by making it an hereditary principality, was expelled from the city, and upon endeavoring with the aid of his armed followers to reinstate himself, he was defeated, losing his standard and receiving many wounds. Nothing daunted, this doughty warrior encamped within sight of the strong walls of the town, raising for his standard the bloody bandages from his wounded limbs,



Old Stone Tower Curzola

and, engaging the country people in his support, eventually regained and held the city.

The walls of the old town, although now torn down in many places, still give evidence of their former strength, and some of the great stone bastions still look as grim and formidable as they must have done when Uliz Ali, the Turkish corsair, came sailing into the harbor one fine morning to sack and burn the town. The Venetian gover-

nor, hearing of the prospective visit of the corsair, had discreetly withdrawn his garrison and fled to Zara, but the cunning people of Curzola not being minded to give over their city to the Turks to be pillaged and despoiled, arrayed all the women and children of the place in armor and made such a brave showing on the walls and battlements that the corsair, thinking the garrison too strong for him, sailed away after firing a few cannon balls, which are still preserved in the old city as souvenirs of this visit.

Curzola has also had a taste of British rule. The English took the town in 1813 and held it until 1815, when, with the rest of Dalmatia, it was ceded to Austria. The old fort crowning the hill at the back of the town and commanding the harbor is a relic of the English occupation. For the sightseer the resources of Curzola are not great. There are some quaint and pretty bits of architecture, and curiously carved gargoyles jutting out from the eaves over the narrow streets, and in the piazza there is a diminutive column bearing a dilapidated and shame-faced looking little lion which, at the downfall of the republic, was disgracefully maltreated by a little apothecary who, owing the dying government a grudge, relieved his pent up feelings on learning the news of its dissolution by going out in the square and brutally kicking the little stone lion's tail off and

Curzola and Ragusa

destroying his wings, which accounts for his present woe-begone appearance. When you have visited the old cathedral and have been led by a circuitous route to a little court-yard to inspect a bronze door knocker which is held in great esteem by the citizens, you have exhausted the stock sights of the town. In fact, the pleasantest thing you can do in Curzola is to walk outside the walls to the west, and sit in one of the busy little yards where the boat-builders are at work; and there, with the fragrant odor of the pine-chips in your nostrils, listen to the lapping of the blue water against the quay which all but surrounds the old town, and mark the graceful outline of the lantern tower of the old Duomo outlined against the dark mountains of the opposite mainland.

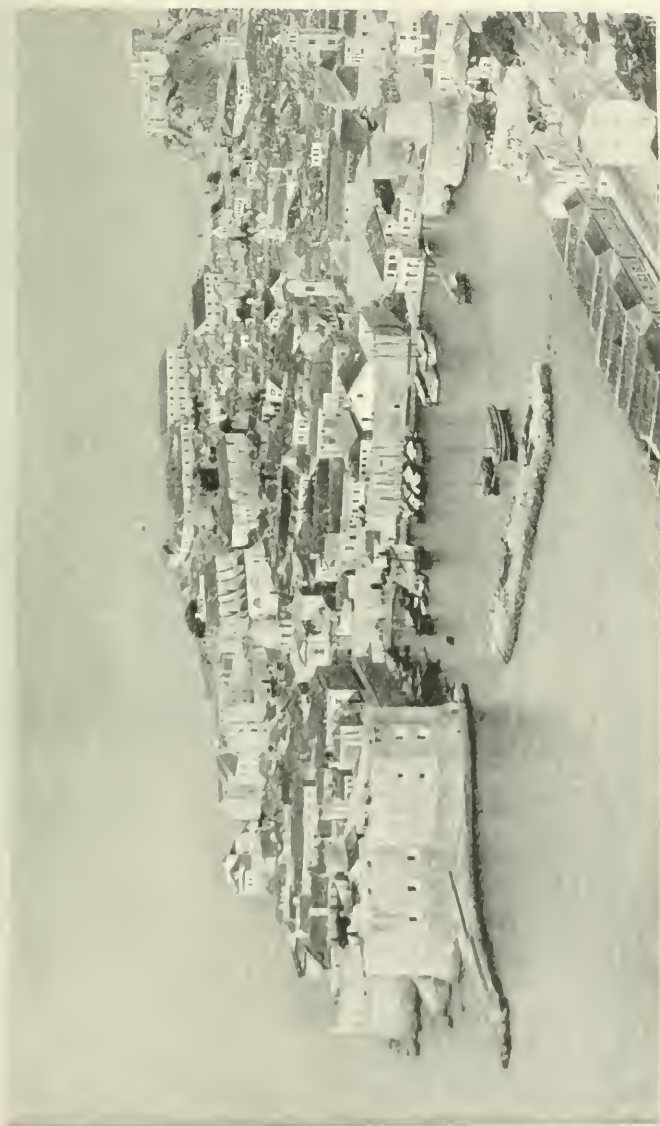
From Curzola to Ragusa is something over fifty miles. The steamer stops at Gravosa, the modern port, some two miles above the walls of the ancient republic, for the harbor of Ragusa itself affords but little protection from the stormy Adriatic. The drive to the old city from the fine harbor of Gravosa on a May morning is one of the most beautiful in the world. The road, skirting the sea all the way, is perfumed by gardens in full bloom and great masses of roses hanging over old stone walls and iron gateways. Figs, date-palms, olives and agaves are all in luxuriant foliage; and below, dashing against the gray cliffs, is

the beautiful blue water of the Adriatic, so clear that you can see the dark rocks twenty feet beneath the surface, and can distinguish the darting bodies of the fish in the shallows.

Presently you come to a piazza thickly shaded with mulberry-trees and having a low stone wall at one end on the cliff overlooking the sea; a little beyond the piazza rise the massive walls of the old town, and crossing the moat you enter the Porta Pille—a gateway in one of the great bastions—and a winding way, descending between the great stone walls, leads you into the principal street of Ragusa, the Corso.

Old Ragusa has seen many vicissitudes. Founded by Roman refugees, for a long period it flourished under Byzantine rule and protection, and had grown strong enough within its moats and walls to withstand a fifteen months' siege by the Saracens in the ninth century. Its old houses were built for the most part of wood from the pine forests of Mount Sergius, which rises behind it, at one time so thickly wooded as to bestow upon the city the Illyric name of Dubrovnik, or "woody"—a sad misnomer to-day, as the old mountain has been shorn of its forests for centuries and now rises as sterile and bare as though it had never known a tree.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the "Black Death" visited the old town and num-



Ragusa

bered for its victims eleven thousand citizens, more than the entire population of the city to-day. A relic of this scourge is preserved in San Biagio in the shape of an old crucifix, which was vowed at that time, and San Biagio itself, the votive church, was built as a memorial of this terrible visitation. After the city had recovered somewhat from this sore blow the present enormous fortifications were built, and again Ragusa entered on a prosperous career, which attained its height in the early part of the sixteenth century, when the commerce of the old city had been extended to all the principal ports of the Mediterranean, and its argosies sailed even beyond the pillars of Hercules. (The word argosy, or ragozy, is said to have meant originally a ship of Ragusa.) Then came the earthquakes, which did such damage to the city and were such a menace to the safety of the inhabitants that the good citizens carved the letters I. H. S. over their stone doorways as a sort of Passover mark or supplication to Providence to protect them. Before the shocks of the earthquakes had ceased came the plague of 1526, during which twenty thousand citizens died. Then their misfortunes ceased for a time, only to be repeated in a later century by the great earthquake of 1667, which destroyed almost all the buildings of the town, over five thousand citizens perishing in the ruins.

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In addition to all these calamities, Ragusa had many battles to fight, not only for itself, but for the more powerful and ambitious States of Hun-



Cloister of the Dominican Monastery, Ragusa.

gary and Austria, who pressed the small republic into their service, and hundreds of Ragusan galleys and thousands of Ragusan lives were sacrificed in fighting battles that were not their own; so



Ragusa—Old Fountain near the Porta Pille.

that, taking all things into consideration, it speaks well for the vitality of the old city that there is anything remaining of it to-day to tell the tale of its long struggle against its varied misfortunes.

One of the first places of interest after coming within the walls of Ragusa is Mala Brača, the old Franciscan church and convent, with its fine cloister and brown-robed monks, and near by is an old Venetian fountain or reservoir, where the water, led into the city through pipes laid to the hills behind, was stored. The Corso, which is surprisingly broad and straight for a Dalmatian city, is made picturesque by the many little open shops, after the manner of Oriental bazars, where Albanian tailors sit cross-legged working curious embroidered patterns on the scarlet waistcoats and gorgeous jackets worn by the country people about here. Silversmiths are at work on filigree ornaments for the women or buttons for the jackets of the men; and shop-windows, hung with cheap silk scarfs and gay prints of brilliant colors, attract the country people, with whom the streets are filled. The most picturesque of these peasants are the Canalesi women, with their peculiar head-dresses and elaborate jackets richly embroidered in gold and silver, and their gay-colored *torbas*, a kind of gigantic reticule which they invariably carry with them, slung over their shoulders by its drawing strings. The men from the

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same district wear full Turkish costume, blue trousers, red fezzes, and short jackets extravagant-



A Canalesi Woman.

ly embroidered. The Canali was formerly Suttorino, a Turkish enclave.

At the end of the Corso is the clock-tower, where a bronze knight in armor stands beside the great bell, sledge in hand, ready to strike the

alarm and assemble the citizens of the town which he guards, in the piazza below him. Here is also the Church of San Biagio, the patron saint of the city, and in front of its door is a statue of Orlando, erected to commemorate the independence of Ragusa. From the stone pillar behind the statue the herald, with a flare of trumpets, used to announce the decrees of the judges to the assembled citizens, and in front of the statue condemned criminals were executed. Beyond is the interesting Palazzo Communale, formerly the rector's palace, which, although almost entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1667, has been restored, and still preserves much of the curious and well-wrought stone carving with which it was adorned. Still farther along is the Piazza dell' Erbe, a busy and picturesque square, especially on market-days, when it is enlivened by the gay costumes of the Canalesi and a mixture of variously costumed peasants from over the mountains; turbaned Bosnians and Herzegovinians, and tall, fierce-looking Montenegrins, with their picturesque, long white coats and red and black caps.

Retracing our steps for a short distance, we find a way which leads to the outer fortification on the harbor. Here, as on the other side of the city, the tremendous walls and massive bastions, which seem to have been built for all time, impress you

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Approach to Ragusa.

with the former strength of the old city. In the drainage-holes left in the walls by the old builders thousands of pigeons have built their nests, and their metallic breasts, shining in the sunlight from every niche, emphasize the peace that has settled upon these old fortifications after the centuries of battle and siege that they have withstood. Beyond the outer gate of the fortifications runs the high road to Trebinje, in the Herzegovina. If you follow this for about two miles it will bring you to a point high above the sea, where you can command a beautiful view of old Ragusa, with its triple walls and great moat dividing it from the mountain, which rises so precipitously in its rear that even the high road has no room to pass outside the walls, but must enter the gates and pass through the town to reach the farther side.

A little way out in the blue water lies the green-bowered island of La Croma, at one time the property of Prince Rudolph, but now restored

by the Austrian Crown to the Dominican monks, whose ancient monastery, transformed into an imperial château during the tenure of the Austrian Crown, was founded by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, narrowly escaping shipwreck in these waters, built a chapel on this island, where he first touched his foot to dry land.

On a bare, isolated rock toward the north of Ragusa, towers the grim old fortress of San Lorenzo, and beyond, on a little point stretching into the sea, is the luxuriant garden of the Conte Pozza, with its bowers of roses and its wealth of tropical vegetation. Farther on, toward the northwest, a little group of rocky islands, which turn to purple shadows in the sunset, lift their heads above the sea. Nowhere in the world is there a more beautiful view, and nowhere in the world is there a more perfect example of an old mediæval town with ancient walls and great battlements, deep moats and strong towers, drawbridges, and sally-ports, from which, so visionary does it all seem, you half-expect to see a goodly company of King Arthur's knights ride forth on their quest of the Holy Grail.

At sunset we walked back along the cactus-lined road to the city gates, catching a glimpse on the way of a long white yacht, which glided silently into the little harbor near La Croma and quietly dropped anchor in the still water.

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Then we found our way through the streets of the old town to the Porta Pille, on the northern side, where our charioteer awaited, and drove along through the cool and perfumed night-air to the wharf at Gravosa, where our steamer was in waiting. Near the wharf a band of dark-skinned Servian gypsies had pitched their tents for the night—miserable low shelters like those of the Bedouins—and toward the mouth of the harbor, barely distinguishable in the dusk, lay the dull, gray mass of an Austrian man-of-war which had just arrived, bringing the Archduke Albrecht



The Moat and Land Walls. Ragusa.

Curzola and Ragusa

to review the Austrian garrison stationed near Gravosa. After dinner we sat on deck and smoked our pipes in the still air until the bells of the warship rang the hour for retiring; and when we awoke in the morning Ragusa, the old republic, had vanished like a dream, and we were far out on the blue waters of the broad Adriatic.

V

CATTARO AND MONTENEGRO

HIGH up in the fastness of the desolate and inaccessible black mountains, which have given it its name, in a little world of its own, shut in by barren peaks which reach the clouds, and practically cut off from all the civilizing and progressive influences of the century, lies the sturdy little highland principality of Montenegro. During the five hundred years of its existence this little State has maintained its independence against tremendous odds with such marvellous persistency and valor that no less a student than Mr. Gladstone has stated that, in his deliberate opinion, "the traditions of Montenegro exceed in glory those of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and all the war traditions of the world."

Toward the end of the fourteenth century a number of Servian fugitives, driven from their country by the victorious hordes of the Turks after the ruin of the Servian cause at the battle of Kossovo, took refuge in these bleak and sterile mountains, and with one of the Baltscha princes

at their head established their independence at a time when all of Southeastern Europe was trembling before the power of the Turks, who had forced their way to the very gates of Vienna. This independence they have maintained up to the present day, and their whole history from that time to the present is comprised in an unending warfare with their hereditary enemies. Time and again have the Turks sent great armies of from forty thousand to two hundred thousand men against these gallant highlanders, and time and again have they been repulsed with the loss of from ten to thirty thousand men by the valiant little army of hardy mountaineers, for whom warfare was the sole pursuit in life.

In 1604 eight thousand Montenegrin warriors defeated an army of sixty thousand Turks. In 1623 Suleiman Pasha invaded the country with a vast army, burning and destroying the towns and villages, but failing to conquer the people. In 1703 the Montenegrins, in revenge for Turkish outrages upon the border, offered to every Turk within the principality the alternative of baptism or death, and on Christmas-eve this decree was rigorously carried out, and every Moslem within the land who would not be baptized was put to the sword on this night of Montenegrin vespers. In 1766 a fresh invasion by the Turks was repelled with loss, and one hundred and fifty-seven

Turkish prisoners were ignominiously ransomed for the same number of pigs. In 1711 the Montenegrins invaded Turkish territory at the instance of Russia, and when a counter-invasion took place drove back the infidels and captured eighty-six standards. In 1714 one hundred and twenty thousand Turks under the Grand Vizier Kuprili invaded the country, burned Cetinje, and drove the people to the mountains; they then withdrew for the conquest of Morea, carrying off two thousand captives. Fresh invasions constantly took place from 1718 to 1796, when the Montenegrins under Peter I. gained the most decisive victory of all over their hereditary foe.

Although since the treaty of Berlin, in 1878, Montenegro has acquired twenty-five miles of seacoast and two ports of its own on the Adriatic — Duleigno and Antivari — the Dalmatian port of Cattaro has always been and still continues to be the Montenegrins' principal avenue of commercial and social intercourse with the world. Far down at the lower extremity of Dalmatia, where its territory is so attenuated as to form but a narrow ribbon on the map, just wide enough to close out that part of Montenegro from the sea, a narrow opening in the rocky shore between the Punta d'Ostro and the Punta d'Arza leads into the famous Bocche di Cattaro, probably the finest and most beautiful harbor in



The Bocche di Cattaro.

the world. This magnificent water-way consists of a chain of five great basins, joined by narrow channels winding their way between the great ranges of bleak and sterile mountains which rise precipitously from the borders of these inland seas, barely leaving room here and there for the sparkling little white towns surrounded by their ancient walls, to obtain a foothold at their base.

Into this great chain of inland lakes we sailed one morning at daybreak, and as we reached the narrowest division of waters, known as "le catene," where in former times a chain was stretched across to defend the innermost harbors, the mist which overhung the water began to rise, and under the slowly rolling gray curtain we saw the great lead-colored hulks of the Austrian navy steaming grandly out, each great ship attended by three or four little noisy black torpedo boats, puffing energetically along on either side of their consorts like little children afraid of being left behind. Farther on, forming a peaceful contrast to the huge war vessels, as they moved majestically through the narrow pass, were two tiny islands barely raising themselves above the level of the water. On one of these stands the miniature monastery of San Giorgio, with chapel and cloisters and garden complete; and on the other is a little pilgrimage church, Santa Maria dello Scarpello, in which is a portrait of the Madonna,

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said to have been painted by St. Luke. The white walls, red-tiled roofs, and green domes of the little church, which seems to float on the water like a lily-pad, makes a charming bit of



Santa Maria dello Scarpallo.

color against the bleak, gray mountain-side, which rises majestically behind to such heights that the tiny church in the foreground seems no bigger than a child's toy.

Beyond the islands lies the pretty little town of Perasto, guarding the entrance to the Bay of Risano, on the farther shore of which, high up on the mountain-side, a great fountain bursts forth from the solid rock and falls in white foam down



Petrano.

the sheer cliffs into the sea below. Higher up on the same mountain can be seen the mouth of a dark cavern in which is a great subterranean lake, the abode, according to local tradition, of a great dragon, who lies in its depths guarding an enormous diamond between his paws. Certain it is that strange rumbling noises are often heard proceeding from the very heart of the mountain, and at such times, you are told, the mighty dragon is at play and, in his sport, rolls the huge diamond about in the depths of his gloomy cavern—a Dalmatian Fafner as yet unconquered, awaiting the Siegfried who shall despoil him of his treasure.

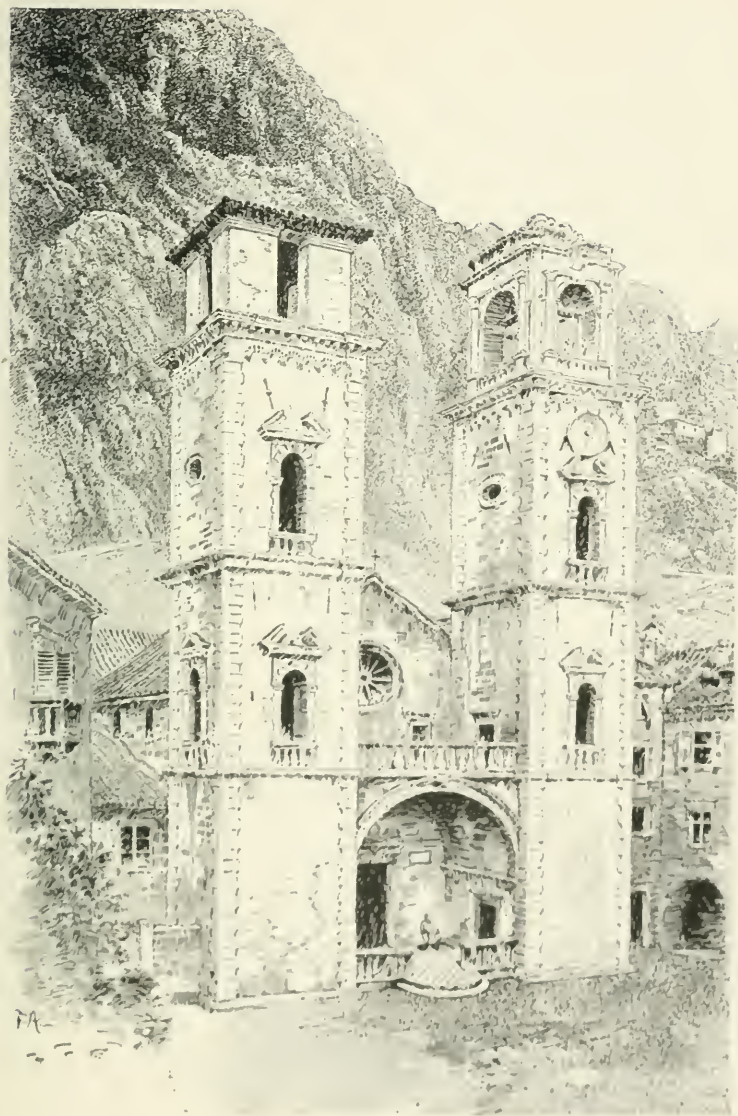
From Perasto we steer south into the last of this wonderful chain of inland seas, and after passing Perzanio are shut in on every side by the great sterile mountains. At the extreme end of the bay towers the huge Lovćen, one of the black mountains of Montenegro, and at its base, between two torrents which issue from the solid rock, is the little white town of Cattaro, clinging tenaciously to the meagre foothold it has obtained at the foot of the stupendous cliffs which tower thousands of feet above it, dwarfing the little collection of houses to the proportions of a Noah's-ark village, an impression still further heightened by the little rows of round green trees set at regular distances apart along the broad stone quay. Behind the cathedral this great drop-curtain of

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stone descends so closely that the towers seemingly guard an entrance to some great cavern in the living rock behind.

So shut in among the great masses of towering crags which surround it is this little town that a Greek historian has stated that the sun never reached it except in summer. This statement is not exactly borne out by the truth, although in the winter months the sun only reaches the city for five hours each day.

At one side of the town a great buttressed wall, part of the city's old defenses, makes its devious way from the water's edge to a point some fifteen hundred feet above the town, where it terminates at an old castle perched on the edge of a great ravine. Far above, stretching for miles along the precipitous side of the great mountain, is the faint line of the famous Ladder of Cattaro, the old mule track which follows the gorge of the torrent Fiumara, and at last, with innumerable zigzags, surmounts the face of Lovćen and leads over the wastes of barren rock to the mountain strongholds of the invincible Montenegrins. The other side of the town is protected by a sheer precipice of rock which descends to the water, and here a frail little bridge leads from under the great stone tower of the old wall over the Gordicchio to the wonderfully well engineered carriage road that leads to Cetinje.



The Cathedral. Cuzco

“ Saturday is the great market day in Cattaro, and all along the quay and outside the Porta Finimara the Montenegrins, after complying with the Austrian regulations by leaving their fire-arms in a house provided for the purpose, hold market and sell their livestock and produce, or exchange it for the merchandise of the Cattaro shopkeepers. The poor Montenegrin women, who conduct these markets, have a hard struggle for existence. They are the workers and the tillers of the soil, and all their merchandise is the fruit of their unaided toil, as the men reserve their strength for warlike pursuits and in time of peace spend their time in swaggering about the streets, smoking and talking of war and rumors of war, while the poor women work for them, tilling the land with wooden ploughs or staggering up and down the steep mountain-paths under enormous burdens.

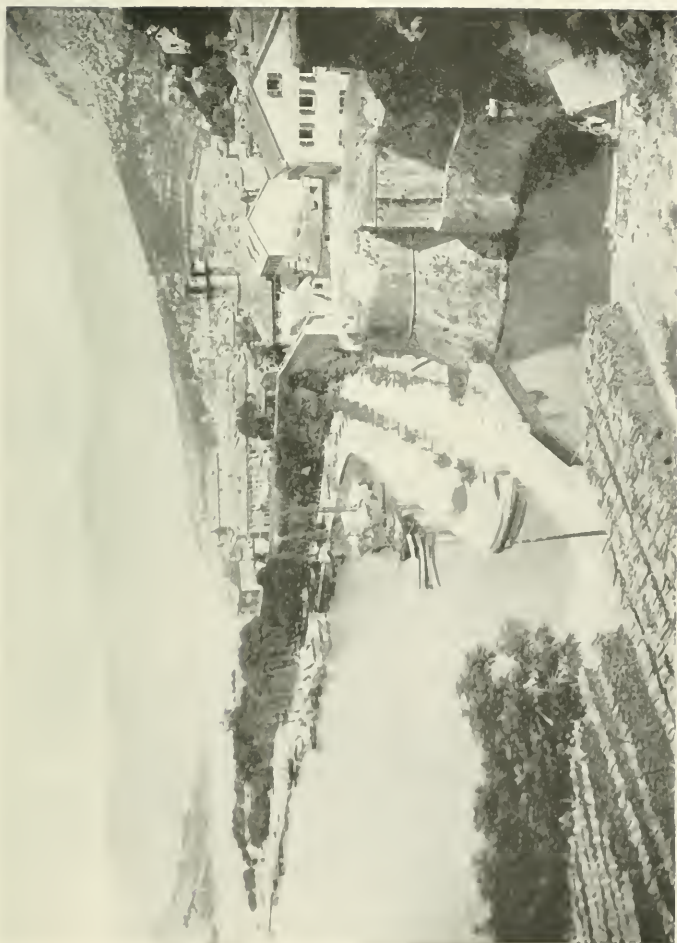
These poor creatures, broken and bent by toil before they are twenty-five, leave their little stone huts in the mountains at two or three o'clock in the morning, and with a load of sixty pounds or more on their backs, make their way down the precipitous path of the Ladder of Cattaro, and after a weary day spent in disposing of their merchandise, they shoulder great bags of flour and meal, bought with the proceeds of their sales, and painfully and laboriously make their

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way up the side of the sheer rock to the little huts far up in the Black Mountains, which they reach late in the night, weary and worn with their exhausting labors.

There are no railroads in Montenegro, and until recently there was not even a carriage-road to Cetinje, as the policy of these canny highlanders has always been to keep their little capital as inaccessible as possible, for their greatest strength lay in the difficult approaches to their strongholds. Recently, however, the Austrians have persuaded Prince Nicholas to construct a road from Cetinje to the frontier, where, high on the mountain-side, it joins the admirably engineered road which the Austrians have built to scale the precipitous mountain-side. Starting from the quay one morning in a little yellow ramshackle, four-wheeled vehicle of a nondescript type, having three shaggy and under-fed little mountain horses, fastened together in a bunch with ropes and strings, to draw it, we crossed the little bridge over the Gordicchio and commenced the ascent to the mountain stronghold. The road at first led directly away from the Montenegrin frontier, through a beautiful valley shaded with great oak-trees. Then for a time it wound back and forth under the sinister shadow of an Austrian fort, which has been so placed as to command nearly every foot of the eight or nine miles of roadway

Cattaro



leading to the Montenegrin frontier, which, although only a few hundred yards distant horizontally from Cattaro, is so high up in the clouds as to necessitate the construction of over eight miles of road to reach it.

In many places you can leave your conveyance and by climbing straight up over the rocks for a short distance, gain fifteen or twenty minutes over the ragged little horses, who toil patiently along on the zigzag path of the road beneath you.

There is no grander sight in the world than these beautiful basins of still blue water surrounded by the majestic piles of barren rock with the little fringe of verdant shore at its base, as seen from this wonderful mountain road; and the intervals of rest, in which you can view the wonderful panorama spread out below you, well repay the trouble of scrambling up the steep rocks.

At last the innumerable zigzags end, the road trends upward in a long ascending line, and presently a row of little white stones laid obliquely across the road, in default of custom-houses and barriers, proclaims the frontier of Montenegro; and here many a hardy mountaineer, whom chance has some time exiled from his native land, has fallen on his face in the road and kissed the dust from the stones in grateful joy at his return to the Black Mountains of his fatherland. A little farther on, at a sharp turn in the road, we came

upon a little group of the Black Mountaineers, with rifles slung over their backs and their belts stuck full of revolvers, knives, and yatagans, standing at the mouth of a dark cavern, which leads for a mile or more into the mountain-side. Then we reached a little mountain inn, a welcome shelter from the cold misty air, and refreshed ourselves with coarse bread, cheese, and red wine, which was provided for us by a dark-eyed Montenegrin woman in the picturesque peasant costume of rough, homespun woollen, a white waist under a long white coat trimmed with blue and elaborately embroidered, a coarse, dark woollen skirt, and sandals or *opankas* of undressed hide, laced across the top with thongs of leather.

From the inn the road leads by a slight descent to the little town of Njegos, the ancestral home of the reigning family of Montenegro and one of the country-seats of the present prince. The poor little thatched houses of the town are no better than stables; but it is a brave little community, and has often sent three hundred and fifty of its five hundred men to the wars. Here you get some idea of the extreme difficulty with which the Montenegrin labors to get a bare living from the barren and unfruitful land in which he lives. Little patches of ground no bigger than tennis-courts are carefully cultivated, and wherever there is the slightest deposit of soil on the sides



Catta and the Military Road to Montenegro

Cattaro and Montenegro

of the mountains or in the hollows of the rocks a little stone wall is built about it to prevent its washing away, and it is cherished and tended as



In the Black Mountains

carefully as a window-garden, so that it shall add its full quota to the scant crops of the country. Agriculture here is conducted much as it was in the time of the Trojan wars. The ploughs are of wood and the harrows of thorns or rods, and near

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every little patch of cultivated land you may see a little stone ring where the harvest of wheat is threshed out by horses, who tread it out as they are driven round and round about a post in the centre.

From Njegus the road ascends again to the pass of Kruacko Zdrjelo, where at the summit a wonderful view is presented. There is a legend current here that, having created the world, God saw that it was good—in parts—but that the rocks and stones made by Satanael were harmful and hateful, whereupon he sent his angel Gabriel to gather them up and cast them into the deep sea. So Gabriel filled an enormous sack with all the rocks and cliffs of the world, and flew with his burden toward the blue Adriatic, but Satanael, flying fast behind, cut a hole in the sack, thereupon all the rocks dropped out, forming the mountains of Montenegro and Dalmatia, and when Gabriel reached the Adriatic the sack was empty.

From this high pass in the Black Mountains the reason for the origin of the legend is apparent, for nowhere in the world is there a more desolate expanse of tumbling rocks and crags. Looking north toward Niksic, as far as the eye can reach tosses a great sea of barren rocky peaks of gray limestone, a veritable picture of utter desolation with hardly a trace of vegetation of any sort to be seen. Far off in the south shines the glint of

water in the Lake of Scutari; to the right towers the huge Lovćen, and on its side is the Chapel of St. Peter, the patron saint of Montenegro. St. Peter is rather a home-made saint, with a distinctly modern flavor, as he did not die until 1830 and was immediately canonized by his nephew, Peter the Second, who wanted a saint in the family; and as many of the older men in Montenegro to-day knew St. Peter intimately during his life and can therefore vouch for his special fitness for the position he holds, he has proved a popular and favorite divinity.

From here the road descends rapidly into the basin of an old lake which at one time filled the valley where Cetinje now stands, and presently we obtain a glimpse of the red roofs and white-washed houses of the smallest capital in Europe, and after a few more devious twistings among the foothills we drove past a little Greek church and entered the main street, which leads through the town to the little inn at the farther end. The streets were filled with tall, fine-looking men in picturesque white coats, embroidered waistcoats, baggy dark-blue breeches, and high boots, and each man, as compelled by law, wore a loaded revolver in his belt as well as a miscellaneous collection of knives and short swords. Even the waiters at the inn wore top boots and carried knives and revolvers.

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The inn itself is not calculated to render a long sojourn in Cetinje particularly fascinating. The room assigned to us contained four double beds



Cetinje the Capital City.

and no wash-stand. I finally procured a tin basin and a wooden chair, which served as a wash-stand and towel-rack, and a bucket of water. The only method of disposing of a basin of water seemed to be to throw it out of the window. I did this

successfully on the night of our arrival, but on repeating it in the morning I heard a shout from below, and on looking out found that I had drenched a doughty highland warrior, who, upon seeing my head at the window, proceeded to make a demonstration with the aid of the extensive collection of firearms in his belt. I had been told that the Montenegrin was extremely courteous to those who spoke his language, so I immediately put in use the two words I had just learned from a phrase book, "Dobro jutro," meaning "good morning," to which I added in English, for lack of any further Slavish vocabulary: "Have you used Pear's soap?" This did not seem to have any immediate effect in pacifying him, so I discreetly withdrew from his gaze, resolving in the future to make cautious and careful surveys of the ground immediately beneath the windows, and avoid wittingly dispensing any more free shower-baths to these walking arsenals.

The stock sights of a capital so small that one could stand in its very centre and throw stones into the suburbs are necessarily limited. A large, square, low-roofed building, two stories high and painted a dingy yellow, with a little wooden sentry-box on either side of the front-door steps, is the new palace of the Prince. A little beyond this is the old Biljar or palace, enclosed within a high stone wall and guarded by four round tow-

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ers, now used as the palace of justice and the government printing-office, where the "Glas Crnagora," or "Voice of Montenegro," is published.

Between the old and new palaces is the Tree of Justice, a great elm, where, as a last resort for all from the four or five courts of the country, petitioners may appeal to the Prince, who occasionally sits in paternal fashion beneath its branches and administers justice in person.

The justice dispensed by the Prince is, at all events, summary. A visitor who attended one of these open-air courts on one occasion reports that the Prince named the petitioners collectively as liars, consigned the leader to jail, and threatened to send the others after him unless they speedily got out of the way.

On the rocky slope behind the Biljar is the old Convent of the Virgin and the little convent church, which serves as the cathedral of Montenegro, where St. Peter, the local saint, reposes in his sarcophagus. A little way above the convent is the famous round tower of Tabia, where, up to a few years ago, it was the pride of the Montenegrins to maintain a continuous display of Turks' heads, neatly arranged on poles stuck in the ground about the walls, and where the hollow vault is still filled with Turkish skulls.

Near by are the royal stables, where the Prince keeps several fine Arabs, and the national jail, a



Prince Nicholas I., Tsar of Montenegro.

remarkable institution, where a few prisoners lounge about in the open doorways, smoking cigarettes and apparently enjoying to the full the freedom and hospitality of this unique prison. Some of the prisoners are manacled by chains fastened to the left leg and arm, or, in some cases, to both ankles. The inconvenience of the latter method, in which the chain is supposed to drag on the ground, has been overcome by the ingenuity of the wearers, who attach a cord to the centre and suspend it from their waists, making the decoration rather ornamental than otherwise. Many of the prisoners are entirely unencumbered, and there is apparently no reason why they should not make their escape if they wished to do so, but they evidently prefer the tempered joys of this metropolitan confinement to the hardships incident to a fugitive existence in the surrounding mountains.

Across the town from the jail and the palace is the new theatre, built by an American named Slade—a rough, unfinished-looking building, which is intended to eventually serve as casino, museum, and reading-rooms, as well as the home of the Montenegrin drama. In the bare, white-washed hall of this building are produced the plays written by the Prince, who is a poet and dramatist, and has written two plays, "The Empress of the Balkans" and "Prince Arbanit."

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We were not so fortunate as to see either of these royal dramas, although we saw a Servian company from Belgrade in a curious play, interspersed with songs and dances, enacted with as much force and power as could well be exerted on a ten by twelve stage, lighted by a dingy little row of smoking kerosene lamps without reflectors.

The Crown Prince had been expected to attend the performance and encourage the performers by his royal patronage, but we watched in vain for his appearance in the royal box, which was prodigally hung with faded red canton flannel; but the Crown Prince is a shy young man, and, hearing that there were strangers in town, he abandoned the play and stayed at home in his *konak* rather than run the chance of being stared at by strangers. There were no women in the audience, the Montenegrin men evidently considering it bad form to be seen in public with the women of their families.

At the farther end of the town from the inn is the national arsenal, where are stored two siege guns, two bronze Russian twelve-pounders, eighteen small Krupp guns, and twenty-four mountain guns, with a quantity of rifles and small arms. A big room in the arsenal is used as a war museum, and is filled with trophies captured from the Turks. Here are preserved hundreds of bullet-riddled flags and standards shot to ribbons in

Cattaro and Montenegro

their desperate affrays, curved swords, Turkish cannon, guns, pistols, decorations and medals—among the latter being a number of Crimean war



Girl of Montenegro

medals taken from Turks who had fought side by side with the English in the Crimea.

There is a small market-square, with a rude little

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fountain in the centre, which is rendered picturesque by the bright costumes of the peasants on market days, and there is a school for girls founded and supported by the Dowager Empress of Russia. Along the main street are little shops where gunsmiths and silversmiths can be seen at work in the windows; tobacconists, where big rolls of dark-blue paper, filled with the fine, golden tobacco of Scutari, are stacked on the shelves about the walls; tiny bazaars of general supplies, where the red pork-pie cap, with its covering of black silk and the initials N. I., gaily colored torbas or pouches; and the struka, a long brown shawl—which is to the Montenegrin what the plaid is to the Highlander—are the most conspicuous articles displayed for sale.

These, with the post-office, where you buy Montenegrin stamps from a postmaster who wears two huge revolvers in his belt and has others in easy-reaching distance, and the small one-story buildings occupied by the representatives of foreign powers and emblazoned over the doorways with their coats-of-arms, comprise all the institutions of the little capital.

The rulers of Montenegro have always been warriors of renown. Their patron saint, Peter I., was a great general in his day, and in 1796, at Kroussa, he gained a most decisive victory over the Turks, whom he utterly defeated, inflicting a

Cattaro and Montenegro

loss upon them of over thirty thousand men, including their leader, Kara Mahmoud, whose head



MONTENEGRO. F. 10000.

for a long time after was displayed by the future saint as one of his most cherished possessions.

His nephew, Peter H., who succeeded him in 1830, was one of the foremost Servian poets of

the time ; and, although his energies were principally directed toward the civilization of his people, the suppression of the vendetta and the establishment of security and order in his dominion, yet he had the martial spirit strongly within him, and commanded the respect of his troops, who had often seen this great bishop and leader of theirs, who was no less than six feet eight in height, stand before them in his robes and hit lemons with his rifle as they were thrown into the air by an attendant. This picturesque figure was the last Vladika, or ruler combining the temporal and spiritual power, for his nephew, Danilo II., who succeeded him in 1851, separated the two and founded an absolute principality to be governed by secular princes. Danilo waged war upon the Turks, and administered a severe defeat to Omar Pasha at Grahovo in 1858, but he did not prove a popular ruler, and in 1860 he was assassinated, and the succession passed to his nephew, Prince Nicholas I., Petrovic Njegos, the present ruler.

Prince Nicholas, who is a fine-looking man of about fifty-five, was educated at Trieste and Paris and was proclaimed Prince on August 14, 1860. He has fairly won his spurs in his battles with the Turks, defeating them in 1861-62, and also in 1877-78, when, to aid Russia, he engaged nearly ninety thousand Turkish troops, who were drawn away from the Danube at a critical time for Rus-

sia, and with a vastly inferior force defeated them repeatedly, finally driving them from his dominion after they had sustained a loss of six thousand killed and many more thousands wounded. In one battle, at Kristatz, two thousand Montenegrins withstood thirty thousand Turks under Suleiman Pasha, with a loss of seven hundred, the Turks losing over thirty-five hundred; while at Jezero the Montenegrins killed over four hundred and eighty Turks, with a loss to themselves of only thirteen killed and twenty-three wounded. As an example of the courage of the Montenegrin warriors in this battle, an English newspaper correspondent, who was in Montenegro at the time, relates the following incident: "The battle of Jezero was signalized on the part of the Montenegrins by a splendid individual valor, which certainly deserves chronicling. A Montenegrin of the tribe of Piperi, Luka Philipov by name, had distinguished himself at the battle of Vucidol by taking Osman Pasha alive and carrying him bodily to Prince Nikola, who presented the gallant fellow with five hundred ducats for his prize, and jestingly bade him bear him another Turk in the same fashion. Now, for a Montenegrin to be told by "The Master—" "The Gospodar," as the Prince is generally called here—to do a thing is for him to do it or die. Accordingly, our hero of Piperi, being present at the battle of Jezero, and mindful

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of the master's orders, seized the moment of attack to rush into the Turkish lines, hug a true believer around the waist with a bearlike embrace, and lug him off bodily, disarming him by the way.

To carry his prize safely to the rear the Montenegrin made a slight detour, but he had not gone half-way to the Montenegrin position for which he was making when a bullet struck him, passing through both thigh bones, and letting go his captive, he fell heavily to the ground. The Turk, with a shout of triumph, sprang upon his fallen captor, but despite the agony in which he lay, the Black Mountaineer retained strength of body and presence of mind sufficient for the occasion. He laid one hand heavily upon the Turk, who had sprung at his throat, and with the other pointed his revolver at his adversary's head, quietly remarking: "Now, then, Turk, if you don't want to be blown into another world, just lift me on your back. And now, my fine horse," as the cowed and astonished Turk complied, "just trot me to my friends out there!" Kismet being obviously against him, the Moslem obeyed his driver, and stumbled on over the rocks, groaning under the weight of the burly Montenegrin, to where the men of Piperi stood marvelling at the approach of what they believed to be a Turkish Goliath, ten feet tall! But the warriors burst into a roar of laughter when, on the apparition approaching

nearer, they perceived their wounded Luka riding the reluctant Turk into their lines, where, after having presented his steed to the Prince, he fell senseless to the ground."

Another characteristic incident occurred during the siege of Niksic, when Pope Milo, the heroic priest and warrior of the Montenegrins, challenged the infidel to single combat between the lines. The Turks accepted the challenge and sent out their most redoubtable swordsman, and the armies ceased hostilities to witness this hand-to-hand combat. The Turk proved himself a better swordsman than the priest, and killed him and severed his head from his body; but his triumph was short lived, as immediately upon the resumption of hostilities he was served in the same way by an infuriated Montenegrin in revenge for the death of Pope Milo.

At the fall of Niksic the Prince, who had been in active command of the long siege, during which the Montenegrin women had toiled incessantly carrying cannon-balls and rations over the mountains to the besiegers, received the surrender of Scanderbeg reclining on his *struka* on a rock, and after he had taken coffee with the vanquished Turkish commander he composed a poem containing the news of his victory, commencing, "Niksic mourns, captive to-day of my arms," which he sent to his wife at Cetinje, where

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the Princess read it to the citizens amid salvos of applause from their guns and pistols, and the ringing of the monastery bells; while the metro-



Montenegrins.

politan or archbishop of Montenegro formed a ring for the war-dance or "Horo," and the blind minstrels tuned their one-stringed guzlas and

sang the song of the "Green Apple Tree," which recites the valorous deeds of Montenegrin heroes.

Since 1878 there has been no active warfare in Montenegro, and the mountain warriors have had to content themselves with occasional raids into the neighboring provinces, and even this has lately been done away with, owing to the watchful eye of the Austrians on the north and the pacific policy of the Turks on the south. This enforced peace cannot last long, however, for the Montenegrin can never forget that it was the Turk who, five hundred years ago, drove him from his fertile fields and luxuriant valleys about the old Serbian capital of Prisrend, and shut him up in the barren, inaccessible prison among the rocks, where he now lives, and, not content to let him rest in peace even there while still unconquered, has over and over again, in the centuries that have followed, sent great armies against him to conquer and subdue or, if possible, exterminate his government and destroy his autonomy. However, Prince Nicholas is a politic man, and three years ago, when the Sultan, anxious to propitiate his natural enemy, sent him a present of a complete equipment for a squadron of cavalry, he accepted it without question, although it is hardly possible that he could use it in any way except offensively against the donor, and carried it up to

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a place of safety in his stronghold among the mountain-tops. Then, turning his face toward Russia, he awaited the tidings from the north. They were not long in coming, for less than a year ago the Russian ship, Rostoff, from Cronstadt, arrived in Antivari with thirty thousand



A Mountain Lake.

rifles, fifteen million cartridges, a number of cannon and machine guns, and a quantity of dynamite, all of which was a present from the Czar of Russia to Prince Nicholas I. of Montenegro. These weapons, added to the forty thousand rifles already in the country, would provide a rifle for almost every able-bodied man and woman in the whole principality, which has a population of less



A. E. E. y

than two hundred thousand, the number of trained men liable to be called under arms being about thirty-five thousand.

Since the receipt of this portentous present from the Czar the Prince has decided to maintain a standing army. Hitherto, although every able-bodied man and youth was liable to serve in time of war, the standing army has consisted of thirty or forty men, who were usually engaged in playing at bowls in the Prince's back yard, a simple, but convenient, arrangement of troops, allowing the Prince to accomplish the mobilization of his entire army by a low whistle from his back piazza in case of need. Now, however, the whole population will gradually be drilled in the use of the new arms provided by Russia, one section following another in continuous service for three months. With his new weapons ready to his hand, who can blame the Montenegrin if at the first favorable opportunity he falls upon the Moslem, who destroyed the great Serbian kingdom of Stephen Duchan, which embraced Macedonia, Thessaly, Northern Greece, and Bulgaria, and drove him to his rocky eerie, among those barren crags, where for four or five centuries he has been shut out from the verdant and fruitful valleys of his rightful heritage?

Prisrend, the ancient home of the old Serbian Czars, lies beyond the Albanian Mountains in the

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southeast, and there is not in Montenegro to-day a Slav who does not await with impatience the battles that shall restore to him the ancient heritage of his race. His national ballad or *picma* is "Onamo, Onamo Za Br'da" (Out there, out there beyond the mountains), and as the *Marseillaise* stirs the blood of the French or verses from the Koran frenzy the Moslem fanatic, so these lines thrill the heart of every Montenegrin:

Out there, out there beyond the mountains;
My Czar has ceased to speak they say;
Of heroes was his speech that day.

Out there, out there beyond the mountains;
In some dark cave beneath the hill
They say my Czar is sleeping still.
He wakes! and rising in our wrath
We'll hurl the proud usurper forth:
From Déchan church to Prisrend towers
That olden heritage is ours!

Out there, out there beyond the mountains;
They say a verdant forest quakes,
Where Déchan's sainted race awakes;
A single prayer within that shrine,
And Paradise is surely mine!

Out there, out there beyond the mountains;
Where the blue sky to heavenlier light
Is breaking—brothers; to the fight!

Out there, out there beyond the mountains,
Where tramps the foaming steed of war,



ARABIAN WOMAN

Cattaro and Montenegro

Old Jugo calls his sons afar
To aid ! to aid !—in my old age
Defend me from the foeman's rage !

Out there, out there beyond the mountains,
My children, follow one and all,
Where Nikola, your Prince, doth call.
And steep anew in Turkish gore
The sword Czar Dūshan flashed of yore,
Out there, out there beyond the mountains.

There is no doubt that should the demise of the "Sick Man of Europe," or any other cause, tend to the rearrangement of that particular part of the map, Prince Nicholas and his highland warriors are sure to benefit by it, and these long-exiled people may come down from the mountains and take possession once again of the rich valleys from which they were driven by the conquering hosts of Islam.

Before leaving Cetinje I managed to secure two small kodaks, which represented the little capital so comprehensively as to allow no single feature to escape. The first was taken from the door of the inn on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone for the new konak of the Crown Prince. In it appear the Prince and Princess, the Crown Prince, the Archbishop or Metropolitan, and the clergy; the army, the citizens, the principal street, the public buildings, and the mountains in the background, all within a space

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of three by four inches. The other shows the whole extent of the valley, with the little capital in the centre, and makes a brave show of the public gardens in the foreground, the gardens consisting of an elaborate design of curved walks scratched on the white soil through the light, heathery growth which covers it.

The little principality well repays a visit. It has no railroad, no bank, no currency nor coinage of its own, and but one die for all its postage stamps, but it has as brave a history as ever a nation cherished; and it is worth while, in these days of commercial and political ascendancy, to go a long way to see a little kingdom founded upon physical courage, whose very existence for nearly five hundred years has depended entirely upon its proved valor.

No more fitting final word can be said for these gallant mountaineers than the tribute paid them by Tennyson.

“ They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne



A Composite View of Cettinje

VI

CONSTANTINOPLE

I REMEMBER when a boy at school the map of Turkey used to be a great favorite for drawing on the blackboard from memory, because of the fancied resemblance borne by its outline to a bristling turkey-cock strutting proudly about, with wings distended and feathers ruffled, as though bidding defiance to all of the rest of the map of Europe. Since that time, however, its plumage has been so rumpled and plucked by the European powers that it has entirely lost its arrogant appearance and no longer bears the slightest resemblance to the proud bird which graces the table of every good New Englander on Thanksgiving Day. The changes in its old capital, however, have not been so marked; and the great walls, stretching from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn, constructed by Theodosius nearly fifteen hundred years ago, still mark the western limit of the ancient city.

On these walls, in 1453, fell Constantine, the last of the Eastern emperors, fighting valiantly against



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odds of fifty to one, and crying piteously as he died, deserted by his flying troops, "Is there no Chris-



Anglo-Catholics in the Hagia Sophia

tian who will cut off my head?" Then through the great breaches in the walls rode "The Con-

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queror," Mohammed II., at the head of the Moslem hosts, slaying as he went, until he rode into the nave of St. Sophia and let loose his savage soldiery upon the poor fugitives—priests and women who had sought shelter there. On one of the pillars in the south bay of the great sanctuary, far beyond reach from the pavement, is pointed out to-day the mark of the Conqueror's bloody hand where, riding high upon the dead bodies of the slain, he smote the marble column, crying, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet," and close by another huge column bears a great gash, said to have been made by the stroke of his sword when he marked the Christian church for his own.

In strange contrast to this fierce conqueror is the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., the well-meaning, but faint-hearted and weak, monarch, who lives concealed from his people in a state of almost perpetual personal terror in the small Yildiz Kiosk, or Star Palace, about three miles from Pera, and separated by the Golden Horn and the entire European quarter from the great Mohammedan quarter of Stamboul, where the principal mosques, the bazaars, and the public offices of government are situated.

At one time it was urged that the presence of the Padischa in Stamboul was obligatory during Ramadan, but as Abdul Hamid is not only an

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autocrat, but the head of his religion, he has abandoned the ceremony of the Selamlik in St. Sophia, and holds it at a little mosque built within a stone's throw of his palace at Yildiz, so that he may have all the way from the steps of his palace to the door of his mosque lined rank on rank deep with troops of cavalry and regiments of his household guards.

At the feast of Beiram it was customary with former Sultans to observe the ceremony of the Selamlik on a much grander scale than on ordinary occasions. The great imperial white and gold *kaik*, one hundred feet long, manned by twenty-six picked oarsmen, with the Sultan reclining under a golden canopy at the stern, flew through the water at the head of a flotilla of gorgeously decorated boats, in which followed the members of his suite and the pachas. Salutes were fired from ships and batteries, and then the procession drew up at the old Seraglio Point, where horses and gorgeous equipages, escorted by troops of cavalry, were waiting to convey the "Defender of the Faith" to prayers; but Abdul Hamed is a nervous man, and does not mean to expose himself to the possible attacks of conspirators or bombs of anarchists, and so for years he has not left his own palace grounds except to traverse the distance of a few hundred yards which separates the Yildiz Palace from the

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mosque of the Hamidieh, when he goes to his prayers, guarded by five thousand picked horsemen and troops of the household guards. Not even on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to him some years ago did the Sultan dare to move from the circumscribed space to which his fears for his personal safety have condemned him. The Selamlik of to-day, however, is an interesting spectacle, if only to show what elaborate precautions can be taken for the personal safety of the Moslem ruler. To view this ceremony, the visitor must obtain a card from his legation or embassy, which will admit him to the guard-house opposite the mosque, and near the gate of the Sultan's palace grounds. Here he is ushered into a long, narrow room, with windows overlooking the entrance to the mosque and the square around which the troops are beginning to form, and after being warned not to lean out of the windows and not to use opera-glasses, he is permitted to view the green-turbaned regiments of Bashibazouks, the Nubian Blacks, and Albanian Whites, and the magnificently mounted squadrons of lancers and cavalry. When all the troops have been formed in place, watering-carts appear and sprinkle the road, and then come men in carts with fine gravel, which is carefully distributed along the route, so that there shall be no risk of his Majesty's horses losing their footing. Then nu-



Troops of the Sultan's Body-guard.

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merous household servants and eunuchs, bearing the Sultan's prayer-rug and Koran, and various accessories for making his prayers, saunter down the roadway and enter the mosque. Then come broughams full of veiled ladies from the harem, guarded by the chief eunuch, who are driven into the enclosure about the mosque, where the horses are taken from their traps, and they are left boxed up in their broughams to listen to the music of the bands, and to get such a limited view of the proceedings as they may from behind the drawn blinds of their carriages.

Then comes a long pause, during which all eyes are directed toward the gate through which the Sultan is to appear, and presently an open carriage approaches, in which is seated a little man in a black coat, with a straight collar, without ornaments or orders, or any distinctive signs of rank or royalty, and wearing an ordinary red fez; and then the body-guards and the Turkish troops to a man burst into a shout like the explosion of musketry, crying, "Padischahim tchok yachia!" which means "Long live my Sultan;" and the sorrowful-looking little sovereign, with the pale face, thin dark beard, and a hunted look in his dark, sunken eyes—a remarkable contrast to the strong face of Osman Pacha, the hero of Plevna, who sits opposite him—drives on and enters the mosque. After him come six beauti-

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fully caparisoned horses with gold-embroidered saddle-cloths, led by gorgeously attired grooms, then a small empty landau for his return trip, and then the imperial princes and other high dignitaries; and when all have entered the mosque the shrill cry of the muezzin, who has been calling his "Allahu Akbar," and the calls to prayers from the minaret, ceases, and for about half an hour the Sultan remains at prayer, while the visitors in the guard-house are regaled with coffee and cigarettes as the guests of his Majesty.

When he comes out from the mosque he steps into a small open landau, drawn by a pair of horses, and, taking the reins in his own hands, drives quickly back through the gate to the palace, the grooms following with the led horses. Then the horses are again hitched to the broughams in the yard, and the ladies of the household are trundled back to the harem after their exciting morning, and the pale little princes, in patent-leather riding boots and tight-fitting uniforms, follow along on their beautiful Arab steeds; and when all are safely in the palace grounds and the great gates are closed the troops march away, with bands playing and banners flying, and the visitor is allowed to emerge from the guard-house.

It seems incredible that the ruler of a great nation should be content to live in such seclusion, and through his personal cowardice voluntarily



Waiting for the Sultan

deprive himself of all knowledge of his people and his State, save such as he can gain within the walls of his palace from his ministers and advisers. I have been told by a Turk, who has access to the Sultan and knows him well, that he has often seen his Majesty upon the streets of the city disguised by a false gray beard and followed by one or two faithful attendants, endeavoring to discover for himself the real condition of his capital and his people in the manner of Haroun al Raschid, the Caliph of Bagdad; but I doubt if this be anything more than a kindly fable devised by a loyal subject to relieve his ruler from the contumacy attaching to his timorous behavior.

Near the Yildiz Kiosk, and connected with it by a bridge over the roadway, is the Palace of Cheragan, where Abdul Hamed's brother and predecessor, the deposed Sultan Murad V., is supposed to be confined, and where Sultan Abdul Aziz, the uncle of Murad and Abdul Hamed, died by his own hand a few days after his deposition by his nephew.

There exists at present good and sufficient reason for the Sultan's uneasiness. Revolutionary pamphlets have been found in the mosques of Stamboul, and there are signs of rising Moham-medan discontent, which at any time may break out and release all Islam from the thralldom and taxation to which it is now subject under the

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reign of the Osmanli. Considerably less than one-half of the nine hundred thousand inhabitants of



A Turkish Beggar

the city are Moslems, and the Greeks and Armenians, of whom there are some three hundred thousand, would at once join in any insurrection

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for the overthrow of the present dynasty. The British squadron lies at the Island of Lemnos, near the entrance of the Dardanelles, and the Russian fleet is anchored near at hand, both prepared to enforce the demands of the European governments in regard to the administration in Armenia. These are the problems that the "Commander of the Faithful" has to contend with; and unless he undertakes some radical change in his administration, it is hardly possible that the Ottoman rule in Europe will survive much longer, for the imperial system is drawing the life-blood from his subjects with its heavy burden of taxes. The contrasts in Constantinople between the royal palaces and kiosks and the poverty and squalor of the subjects who support them is distressing, and a visit to the Sultan's treasure-chamber in the old Seraglio, where golden thrones, great emeralds and rubies of fabulous value, wonderful stores of pearls and gems, and heaps of precious stones lie scattered about in the greatest confusion and neglect in dusty drawers and rickety old cabinets with cobwebbed windows, only serves to emphasize the poverty of the wretched streets and the condition of the poor people who are so grievously taxed to support the master of this Oriental treasure-house.

Although the Sultan may not go to Stamboul, the tourist does, for there is little to interest him

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in the European quarter of Pera or the slums of Galata as compared with the wonderful old city, where all the treasured handiwork of the Orient is stored. There is St. Sophia and the old Seraglio, the Hippodrome and the Delphic Oracle, the Museum and the Bab-i-Ali, or Sublime Porte—a building containing the offices of the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Minister of the Interior. There is the Seraskerat, or War Office, with its great white marble tower, and there, above all, is the Great Bazaar, that ever-fascinating place, where the tourist returns again and again to bargain with Greek or Jew, Turk or Armenian, for some coveted bit of Eastern workmanship which has caught his fancy. The Great Bazaar is a veritable fortress in itself, enclosed by great stone walls and containing a perfect labyrinth of streets, vaulted over with stone and lighted by innumerable small domes, which shed a dim light throughout the whole interior, which is crowded with little shops brilliant with silks from Damascus, gorgeous hangings from Persia, and multi-colored stuffs from Eastern looms. In the centre is another stronghold of walls within walls, the Bezestan, where the goldsmiths and silversmiths, jewellers and dealers in antiques, porcelains, curiosities, rare arms, silken rugs, and Persian carpets have their stalls.

Outside the bazaars there are many attractive

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shops; one in particular, to which every American traveller finds his way, is that where the famous Far-Away-Moses, immortalized by Mark Twain, presides. It is on the Tarakdjilar Han,



Far-Away-Moses at Home

which, as Mr. Dan. Daly would say "Is a street; I don't know the name of it;" and there, if you have the good fortune to know Moses, you may sit for hours while his clerks display his wonderful wares for your delectation, and should you be

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there near the hour of noon, Moses may take you to a wonderful Indian room in his establishment, fitted with dark teak-wood and embroidered hangings, where he will have you served with a genuine Turkish repast, consisting of a pilaf of rice, kebâbs, or small squares of mutton roasted on skewers, and mohalebi, a kind of blanc-mange. Then, after tiny cups of fragrant Turkish coffee, he may, as an especial favor, bring forth from their place of safe-keeping in the great fire-proof vaults in the cellar his greatest treasures, some magnificent rugs, valued at from five to ten thousand dollars each, woven in pure silk of wonderful design and most harmonious coloring, and unfold them before your enraptured eyes.

An hour before sunset the bazaars close and the iron doors are locked and guarded by watchmen, and the stranger within the gates of Stamboul must find his way back to the Galata Bridge; for the old city, which welcomes him by day, shuns him at night, and so he joins that wonderful stream of picturesque humanity which pours over the great bridge, second only to London Bridge in all the world for its traffic, and climbs the hill of Pera, past the tumble-down graveyard and the municipal gardens, to his hotel.

Even Europeanized Pera has little to offer in the way of amusement after dark. On the Grand Rue de Pera there are several German beer-halls,

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one of which has a carload of beer three times each week sent direct from Munich, and there are several so-called theatres, which usually mask



The Galata Bridge

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notoriously crooked roulette wheels. One of the leading places of this description is the Theatre Concordia, in which the greater part of the audience seems to assemble in the easily accessible green-room, where the ladies who sing *chansonnettes* are waiting their turns. Beyond the green-room is a dressing-room, hung with costumes, where a mysterious panel in the wall slides back and admits you to a room where red-fezzed Turks and foreigners of every nationality tempt the Goddess of Fortune at a wheel so delicately constituted that you may see it shiver with delight when a gold piece is placed on the red, and almost lose its equilibrium in its haste to deposit the little ball safely in a black or double-zero compartment. So, with only these questionable pleasures to choose from, the stranger as a rule keeps to his hotel in the evening, and if he has been under the care of an energetic dragoman, he is generally content to do so, as the steep hills of Pera and the noisy, ill-paved streets of the old city make a day's sight-seeing a tiresome task.

How much longer this ancient capital, with its wonderful vitality and its heterogeneous population, composed of almost every nationality in the world, the key of Europe and the bone of contention of the European powers, can remain under the Ottoman rule is one of the questions of the day. The Turks have a proverb, "Rather the

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gallows than exile ;" and although the boats of the Sultan's navy, which lie rotting in the Golden Horn, are little better than a lot of old coal barges, there is no doubt that the Turk will fight desperately and well to retain his European possessions if put to the test, but a struggle against the combined powers of Europe could only end in one way, and then, sorrowfully and reluctantly, as the Moors left Granada, would the Turk abandon the ancient capital which he wrested from the Christians nearly five hundred years ago and has guarded so zealously ever since, and take his way to some new capital in Asia Minor, thus withdrawing the last stronghold of Mohammedan rule from Europe.

VII

THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE

FROM the top windows of the Hotel Bristol, in Pera, which overlook the municipal gardens, a wonderful panorama is extended before you. On your left is gray Stamboul, with the tower of the old Seraglio and the rounded dome and slender minarets of the Agia Sophia sharply outlined against the blue waters of Marmora and the purple Islands of the Princes in the background. As your eye follows the line of mosques, minarets, fantastic houses and broken walls on the curve of the Golden Horn toward Eyoub, the sacred city, the background changes to low, rolling hills, at the base of which the dark cypresses of the Turkish cemeteries make a sombre shadow. Farther on, at the very tip of the Horn, where it is fed by the waters of the Kiat Khâneh, or paper-mill river, you may catch a glimpse of a cool, shaded valley surrounded by fresh green fields of clover and the verdant slopes of the low hills.

“Truly I know of no fairer or sweeter resting-place in life’s journey than the Valley of the Sweet



A Boat in the Harbor

The Sweet Waters of Europe

Waters above the Golden Horn," writes a traveler who has journeyed to many pleasant places, and this fair recommendation makes the Sweet Waters of Europe one of the objective points of every tourist fortunate enough to be in Constantinople during the warm spring days, when this resort is the most frequented.

To be in the fashion you should drive out there in a smart trap and join the fashionable cavalcade which moves slowly along the wide shaded road at the side of the river as solemnly and as seriously as the long lines of stolid English men and women who are exhibited by their coachmen each afternoon during the season in Hyde Park for the amusement and delectation of the humble pedestrian. However, the very fact that you can do this in Rotten Row, or the Bois de Boulogne, or the Prater, or Central Park may decide you to try a more novel method of conveyance. Then you may make the acquaintance of a Turkish *kaik*.

Entering the mouth of a tunnel, a few minutes' walk from the hotel, for one piastre you are quickly slid down the hill to Galata, and, making your way to the boat station near the end of the famous Galata Bridge, you will find an assortment of *kaiks* awaiting, and you may commence your bargain for the trip, as this is not a country of fixed prices, and you must bargain before you buy or you will be imposed upon.

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The Turkish *kaik* is the lightest, swiftest, strongest, most comfortable, and most beautiful boat in the world, and you first attain the knowledge of perfect motion on the water when you lean back on the comfortable cushions and your white-clad *kaikjis* bend their backs to the light and beautifully balanced oars. These oars have long, slender blades, cut in the shape of a crescent at the ends, while great rounded bulbs just below the handles balance the weight of the blades. There are no oar-locks, the oar being passed through a thong of rawhide which is fastened to a single pin driven in the gunwale, and a liberal application of tallow at the point of contact renders the stroke absolutely noiseless and without a jerk at the beginning or end, as the oar slides easily through the thong.

Comfortably settled among the cushions at the bottom of the boat, you glide along through a busy throng of puffing little steamers and innumerable small craft, past the inner bridge and the great useless hulks which constitute the Turkish navy, some of which are being reconstructed and modernized, most of them, however, being incapable of leaving their anchorages.

After passing the limits of old Stamboul, on your left you see the vast cemetery and the sacred mosque of Eyoub, which marks the spot where thirty thousand Arabs fell outside the walls

The Sweet Waters of Europe

of the old city in the first siege. None but Moslems are allowed within this mosque, and the sword of the Prophet, with which the Sultan is invested on his accession to the throne, is kept here.

Now the stream narrows and turns toward the north, and you see before you green fields flanked by the distant hills, while around you the water is enlivened by numerous *kaïks* filled with Turkish women carrying bright-colored parasols and attired in the most brilliant *ferejeh*, purple, red, blue, pink, yellow—in short, every shade and gradation of color known to the Oriental dye-maker—presenting a perfect kaleidoscope of changing color; for this is Friday afternoon, the Moslem Sunday, and all the world is out, hurrying to the Sweet Waters, where they can see and be seen.

As you go on the water constantly narrows and broadens again; now, where the banks are close together and confined by masonry, you pass between rows of Turkish women squatting along the banks, with their *yashmaks* carefully drawn over their faces, but apparently indifferent to a considerable display of ankle; then you shoot out into a broad lagoon and engage in the universal race to be first at the next of the narrow places spanned by wooden bridges. Navigation ends shortly before you come to the Imperial Kiosk,

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of white marble, beside which you can see, gleaming through the trees, the single minaret and dome of a small mosque. On the shore, lining



Turkish Woman wearing the Yashmak or Vell

the banks of the stream for half a mile or more, are gay pavilions, arbors, and tents, while moving about among the crowd are peddlers of ices and fruits—Turkish delight—queer tasteless wafers,

The Sweet Waters of Europe

and roasted pistache nuts. As you stroll along under the trees by the booths of the lemonade and coffee sellers you encounter picturesque groups



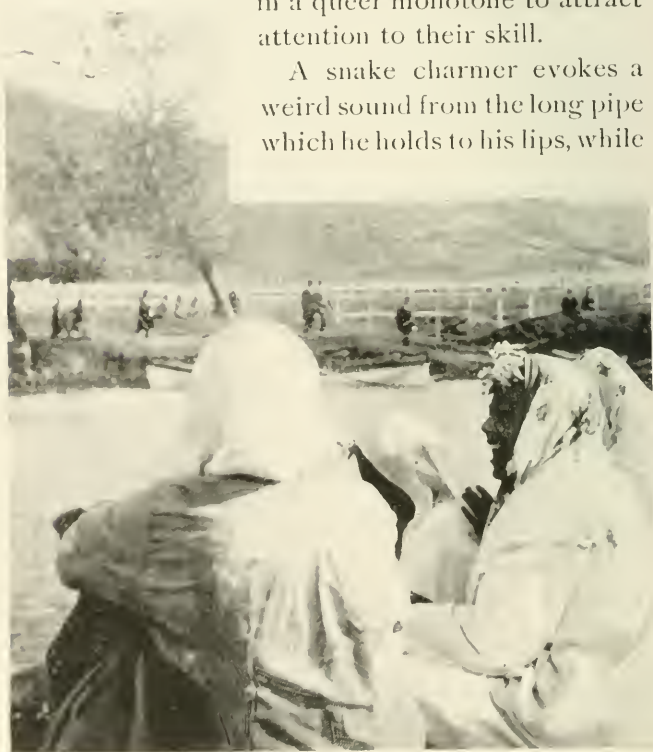
Tait Sultan Kiosk

squatted in the shade and plying their various trades. Dark-skinned gypsy women, clad in blue and white, with flowers in their hair, are singing, weaving romantic tales, or telling fortunes for curious pleasure-seekers. Turkish

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musicians pound industriously on little tom-toms and blow monotonously on pipes of reed or draw plaintive notes from cracked violins. Two old, turbaned Arabs are doing the familiar juggling trick of the three metal cones and the disappearing corks, meanwhile jabbering away in a queer monotone to attract attention to their skill.

A snake charmer evokes a weird sound from the long pipe which he holds to his lips, while



Gypsy Women Singing.

The Sweet Waters of Europe

a small hooded cobra raises his head in obedience to the call, and an assistant near by pulls a tangle of snakes from a bag by their tails to have them



The Turkish Ascent

ready for the next feat of the performer. Farther down, where the crowd is not so great, a party of young men, known as "Young Turkey," who affect European costume and manners, are dancing a quadrille with some Greek girls, and for

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lack of instrumental music are singing a Turkish air as they dance. A little way back in the fields is a picturesque arsenal, with the red flags and crescents of the Ottoman Empire flying from its



Under the Trees.

towers, and close by is a government cavalry school, where you may see some beautiful Arab horses, and where every afternoon small boys and cadets are drilled under the direction of Turkish officers, who do not scruple to lay a smart stroke of their heavy riding-whips over the shoulders of inattentive pupils. Farther up, beyond the white marble kiosk of the Sultan, where brilliant peacocks strut about beneath the trees and white swans sail silently about the lake,

The Sweet Waters of Europe

commences the promenade, which extends along the bank of the stream under an avenue of magnificent trees as far as Kiat Khâneh Keni, or paper-mill village. Here, on every Friday afternoon, come the wealthy and fashionable Turkish women in perfectly appointed closed carriages, with dusky drivers and black eunuchs on every box to drive and guard them. The division of the sexes is complete; a wife must not be seen with her husband, a mother with her son, or a sister with her brother, but men and women must go in separate conveyances. Here it is that the Turk has one of the few opportunities of regarding from afar the lady of his love. As the carriages wheel slowly by batteries of eyes are turned upon the fair occupants, who, denied the privileges of speaking in public, have learned to use their eyes so effectively as to render speech entirely superfluous for purposes of flirtation. Of course, these beauties of the harems are veiled, but so artfully do they contrive the gossamer coverings for their faces that the transparent gauze enhances rather than conceals their charms, and in the instances where complexion and coloring is a work of art and not of nature the softening influence of the veil imparts an appearance of bewildering and bewitching beauty which possibly does not exist. For two hours or more the promenaders move slowly up and

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down, those on foot pressing up near the roadway or loitering under the trees, where they



Araba or Turkish Wagon.

can command the best view of the occupants of the carriages, the most inquisitive sometimes incurring a frown from the black lala on the box ;

The Sweet Waters of Europe

while on the farther side of the road the women of the humbler classes squat like toads along the low wall of masonry and enviously view their wealthier sisters. Farther up, on a hill overlooking the promenade, you may see one or two genuine Turkish arabas or wagons of carved and gilded wood, drawn by teams of bullocks, having arches hung with various-sized bells over their shoulders, and freighted with Turkish women from the country, who have come to see the more fashionable but less picturesque equipages of their city cousins.

Toward sunset, when the carriages are hurrying back to the city, you make your way back toward the landing-place, stopping long enough for a cup of the fragrant coffee which is bubbling over a charcoal brazier beneath an arbor. Then when you have found your *kaik* and your stalwart *kaik-jis* have laid aside their short blue jackets embroidered with silver crescents, you may light a Turkish cigarette and dispose yourself comfortably among the cushions at the bottom of the boat and glide swiftly along with the home-bound *kaiks* filled with laughing people and rivalling the sunset in their brilliant coloring.

Nowhere in the world is there a more entrancing sight, and you will float home with a picture in your mind of dark eyes and shy glances, of red lips and sweet voices, of veils and *vashmaks*, of

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rainbow colors of satins and silks, of marble palaces and slender minarets, of cool waters and green fields, of quaint music and soft laughter, that you will remember all your days and that will renew your faith in the stories of the "Arabian Nights."

"Blessed shall he be who shall take Constantinople," said the Prophet. More blessed is he, you may echo, who in these peaceful times may glide along the Sweet Waters of Europe, seeing on either side the bronzed and frank-faced Turks enjoying their simple amusements or smoking their peaceful narghilis in dreamy content, watching the setting sun as it throws a rosy light over the dancing waters of the Golden Horn and tips the slender minarets with flame, and as the color fades from the water you may catch the faint echo of the muezzin's call to prayer, and dusky figures along the shore turn toward Mecca and prostrate themselves, thanking Allah that they are one day nearer to the groves and cool waters and everlasting gardens that the Prophet has promised for the faithful.

VIII

SMYRNA AND SALONICA

SMYRNA, the great commercial centre of Asia Minor, is one of the oldest ports of the world. The steamers that call there turn from the *Ægean* Sea into the broad Gulf of Smyrna, and churn slowly along toward the south until they reach an old red light-ship, which marks a turn where the gulf narrows; then, passing between some indifferent fortifications on either side until they come to where, circling the end of the gulf, are seen the white domes and slender minarets of one of the most ancient cities in existence. Rising behind the city is a semicircle of dark cypress-covered hills, throwing the white houses and rounded domes into sharp relief, while along the shore stretches a great stone quay, curving gracefully along the entire water-front in a way somewhat reminiscent of Naples.

Smyrna shows surprisingly few traces of antiquity. On the hills high above the town tower the ruins of an old Roman citadel and the remains of a great wall, but in the city itself there

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is little or nothing in the way of architecture or even fragments which would suggest that the city was not entirely modern and common-place. Of the two hundred thousand inhabitants there are more Greeks than Turks, while about fifteen



Approaching Smyrna

thousand are Levantines—a mixture of European, Greek, and Jewish blood, which produces the most beautiful women in the East. There are European hotels along the quays, where every one speaks English, and Turkish bazaars in the

Smyrna and Salonica

narrow streets back from the water, where every one speaks Turkish. The bazaars are not as interesting as in most Oriental cities, as Smyrna does not produce or manufacture anything, but is simply a port of outlet for the produce and merchandise of other places, and most of the things that are shown in the dingy little shops on the dirty, narrow streets are seen in greater variety and to better advantage elsewhere.

Modern European carriages are to be had for hire, and for a stipulated number of piastres you can be driven about the town in a rickety vehicle, over the worst-paved streets in the world, with the windows rattling and the whole equipage plunging about like a boat in a heavy sea, as the wheels slip down into great ravines or jump over the small bowlders with which the streets are paved. The street scenes are the most interesting feature of the city. Venders of figs, raisins, and Turkish paste cry their wares in the narrow alleys, and butchers go from house to house, where the handsome, dark-eyed Levantine women loiter in the doorways, and halt their peripatetic meat-shops, which consist of small donkeys, whose heads and tails barely show at either end of great boards in the shape of an inverted V which are strapped upon their backs, and upon either side of which is hung the dealer's entire stock in trade of spring lamb, shoulders of mut-

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ton, and roasts of beef, enabling the housekeeper to select any cut she may wish at her door. Turbaned Mohammedans from the country lead grave, patient, and dignified-looking Asiatic camels, laden with figs and spices, through the streets to the warehouses, the vicinity of which can be detected by a pungent odor, which recalls to your mind the fact that Smyrna is the centre of the drug trade of the world; and wherever the eye turns it meets some unfamiliar spectacle or bit of barbaric color to remind you that you are in the Orient.

Probably every one who went to the Chicago



Upper Harbor Smyrna.

Fair remembers Alfred Melloni, the Great Zeibeck, who strutted about the Turkish village in a wonderful costume, consisting principally of a

Smyrna and Salonica

remarkable collection of yatagans and silver-handled pistols and curved scimitars, which covered his entire front, and gave him the appear-



Houses in the Turkish Quarter.

ance of a walking arsenal, an effect which was somewhat softened, however, by the display of his pudgy bare knees below. Alfred has given up this martial raiment with which he dazzled the unsophisticated inhabitants of the Western hemisphere, and arrayed in a frock-coat and a square-topped brown Derby, with his nether limbs encased in the less spectacular trousers of civilization, he boards each incoming steamer and offers his services as a guide to Smyrna and Ephesus.

The best view of Smyrna is to be had from the old Roman citadel at the crest of Mount Pagus, a steep hill behind the town. Driving out past the great Mohammedan cemetery, where turbaned head-stones lean in all direc-

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tions, or lie prostrate under the cypress-trees, you pass little coffee-shops and cafés, where drowsy Turks sit placidly drawing on their narghilis, until you come to the foot of a hill, so steep that the carriage can go no farther. Here you mount sure-footed little donkeys, which toil patiently up the sharp ascent, till you stand upon the ruined walls, which overlook the whole city and harbor, and enjoy a view well worth the trouble of the climb, although your enjoyment of the jaunt may be somewhat abated on the return trip, when your donkey constitutes himself into an animate toboggan and slides most of



Turkish Graveyard and Mosque.



Smyrna and its Harbor from Mount Pagos

Smyrna and Salonica

the way down the hill in an alarmingly reckless fashion.

An hour and a quarter from Smyrna by express train on the Aidin Railway is the little



The Cave of the Seven Sleepers

village of Ayasalouk, the station for Ephesus, a pleasant ride in a most comfortable modern railway carriage, over a route leading through fertile fields and pastures, where many flocks of sheep and herds of goats are tended by picturesque shepherds in long robes. Near the station

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passes the line of a great Roman aqueduct which carried water from the mountains across the plains to Ephesus. Many of the arches are destroyed, but a long line of columns remain, upon



How Brigands are treated.

which a great colony of storks have built their nests, and gravely stand upon one leg, on the tops of the high columns, in silent and motionless contemplation of the ruins of the great city, as though the souls of some of the ancient philosophers had entered their bodies, and returned to gaze in solemn meditation on the desolate scene of their earthly greatness, where once the great Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, reared its proud walls. Here, in this valley, were the fabled haunts of Pan and Bacchus; here Hercules wrought his wonderful deeds; here were born Apollo and Diana; and here you



Ruins of the Temple of Dara at Ephesus

Smyrna and Salonica

may see to-day the Cave of the Seven Sleepers. Now, the great temple is little more than a hole in the ground, with broken slabs and columns of discolored marble, and here and there a fragment of a beautifully carved capital, lying about to testify to its former magnificence.

In the mountains about Smyrna lurk a number of brigands, whose depredations have been rendered less frequent in late years, owing to the summary punishment dealt them by the Turkish



A Warning to Mischance

authorities, who do not stop to try them for their offences, but cut off their heads, and exhibit them to the public in the prison-yard at Smyrna, as a warning to all lawlessly inclined citizens.

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or stick them high up on the points of the iron railing, as a caution to their fellows in the hills behind the town, whose keen eyes may easily discern this ghastly exhibition of Turkish justice.

The steamers that leave Smyrna carry a curious lot of passengers on the forward deck, as it is the great port of embarkation for all the picturesque inhabitants of Asia Minor. Here, huddled together in picturesque groups, are Eastern merchants with bales of silks and rugs for the bazaars in Constantinople; green and white-turbaned Moslems; Egyptian officers and soldiers; Ethiopian maids in *feridjees* of plum-colored silk; negroes from the Soudan; venders of lemonade, with huge glass bottles, or tankards of copper and brass strapped over their shoulders, and brass trays at their waists with four glasses and a place for money; sellers of curious rolls, pastry and figs; men in Turkish trousers; and men in long silk robes; Mohammedans at prayer; men in jackets of brocade gay with roses; all surrounded by bundles of bedding, multi-colored rugs, and gaily painted tin trunks, and all bound on their various errands to that wonderful city, the 'Turks' great European capital, Constantinople.

The steamers of the *Messageries Maritimes*, which call at all the important ports on the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Beyrout, take from

Smyrna and Salonica

eighteen to twenty hours on the run from Smyrna to Salonica, which, after Constantinople, is the most important city of European Turkey. As you enter the beautiful harbor at the end of the great gulf, shut in on all sides by the shadowy forms of great mountains in the distance, the city rises before you, built tier upon tier on the slope of the hills, like a huge amphitheatre, with its boundaries defined by the line of an ancient wall which springs from the sides of a ruined citadel perched high on the hill behind, and makes its way gradually down to the water-front on either side of the old town.

At one extremity of the great stone quay, which stretches along the entire water-front, is an old white battlemented tower, surrounded by strong walls, known as the Genoese Tower and called by the Turks Kauli-Kule, or Tower of Blood. Behind the quay the modern tramway, with busy cars running to and fro, does much to destroy the Eastern atmosphere of the place, forcing you to close your eyes to this feature of the foreground and look only at the tapering minarets of the mosques and the domes of the ancient Christian churches beyond, before you can believe that you are really in an Oriental port. To the student of ecclesiastical architecture these old churches, now converted into Mohammedan mosques, are most interesting. The old basilica

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of St. Demetrius, where the saint, who was murdered in his cell, is entombed, has some fine columns and wonderfully carved marble capitals, the beauty of which however has been destroyed by the Mohammedans, who have painted them a light terra-cotta color. In this church is also the tomb of the daughter of one of the Greek emperors, and a small round hole at the head of the great stone sarcophagus is pointed out, which, according to a grewsome tradition, was made by a serpent who crawled in and ate away her eyes. The mosque of St. George, another of the early Christian churches, which is probably over fifteen hundred years old, contains some beautiful mosaics in the dome and chapel ceilings, which, have been ruthlessly and wretchedly restored by an Italian who has painted his name prominently in several places, and added the date 1889 to bear witness to his vulgar modern handiwork.

Beyond the old churches there is little of interest in modern Thessalonica. There is a dilapidated arch of Constantine, and there is an old stone pulpit from which St. Paul is said to have preached, although there is every reason to suppose that it was not built until hundreds of years after his death. After having seen all these things, it will repay the incredulous traveller to climb the hill to the citadel above the town, and enjoy the grand view of the city and harbor, with



Silina The Genesee Tower.

Smyrna and Salonica

the snow-capped summit of grand old Mount Olympus, the throne of Jove and abiding-place of all the gods, looming up majestically in the distance ; or, if you wish to spend an hour or two in the bazaars, you may find your way to the queer little shop of Osman, the dealer in antiquities, in the "Tellal Tcharchoussi," and bargain with him for his rare bits of embroidery and quaint silver-handled pistols and cartridge-boxes. Whatever is choice and rare in his collection the shrewd old Turk will permit you to glance at for a moment, and then he will jealously cover it up and put it out of the way, as though nothing in the world would tempt him to sell it ; and should you ask to see it again he will shake his head and say "too—much—money," as though he himself were reluctant to name the exorbitant figure which alone would induce him to part with it ; and then the wily old merchant will proceed to show you all the cheap trash in his shop until you resolve that you must have the "too-much-money" articles at any price, and when once you begin to bargain for them on that basis, you may be sure that it will not be Osman who will get the worst of the transaction, no matter what concessions he may grant in the matter of price on the treasures of Oriental workmanship which you carry back to your steamer with you.

IX

BEYROUT AND DAMASCUS

AT twilight, one day in April, a rickety little four-wheeled yellow omnibus, drawn by a spike team of two horses and a mule, drew up in front of a cheery looking little stone inn at Shtôra, and two hungry and weary travellers stretched their legs with a sigh of relief, and proceeded at once to ascertain the earliest possible moment at which they could be served with dinner.

All the early part of the day we had been toiling slowly up the Lebanon Mountains, leaving behind us the vineyards and great plantations of fig, olive, pomegranate and mulberry trees in the beautiful valley behind Beyrout, where the apricots were in full bloom and scarlet poppies lined the roadside. As we wound upward on the tortuous road, Beyrout spread itself below us, a glittering little white city projecting into the Mediterranean. From time to time we passed picturesque little stone villas, almost hidden in foliage, where some of the richer people of Beyrout find a cool resort for the hot summer months. Finally



The Inn at Shiora

we reach a turn in the road which brings us to where the mountain makes a sheer descent to the wild valley beneath, a great, cold, gray cloud envelops us, the picture below is obscured, and nothing can be seen but the shadowy form of an eagle wheeling silently above us in the chill, misty atmosphere. Then we pull our great coats about us and make our way through a foot of snow toward the descent on the other side of the mountain. As we emerge from the mist we hear a jangling of bells and see the lead mule of a small caravan coming slowly up the slope, with an American flag flying from a staff stuck in the pack-saddle: behind follow other mules and rough little pack-horses laden with rugs, bundles of silks, Arab spears and curiously inlaid guns, the spoils of a tourist who rides behind with his dragoman. In front of us is Mount Hermon, streaked with white ravines where the snow lies thick, called by the Arabs, *Jebel esu-Shêkh*, or mountain of the old man. As we approach Shtôra the wonderful valley of the Lebanon opens out before us, as variegated and brilliant in color as an oriental embroidery or a Bokhara carpet; beyond rises the long misty blue range of the anti-Lebanons, while below the fertile valley spreads before us like a map, with silver streams of water running through the freshly turned, red fields, irrigating the orchards of figs, olives, apri-

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cots and pomegranates, and the great vineyards which supply the famous Shtôra wine.

At dinner we had the company of a Caucasian engineer, Ibrahim Edhem, by name, employed in the construction of the new railroad which was being laid between Beyrout and Damascus, a picturesque figure in a long black coat tightly belted in at the waist, high Russian boots, and tall astrachan cap, with a bright steel military axe in his belt.

We had finished dinner and were smoking our pipes in a cool balcony with pointed stone arches which overlooked the road, when a train of four large, wooden covered wagons or cars, each drawn by a team of six well-built mules and escorted by a company of Turkish soldiers, drew up in front of the inn and made preparation for their night's halt. It was the money-train sent each year by the Sultan, from Constantinople to Mecca, and the wagons were loaded with silver coin to be distributed among the needy pilgrims who made the journey to the holy shrine. The mules were quickly led away to the stables, little fires were lighted near the baggage-wagons, and soon the whole party, with the exception of three or four of the soldiers who stood on guard, were enjoying a savory stew of rice and chopped meat. After dinner, one by one they climbed in turn to the flat roofs of the money-wagons, their dark

figures silhouetted against the stables opposite, and, spreading their rugs and turning their faces in the direction of Mecca, silently performed the genuflections of Mohammedan prayer. This was our first glimpse of the great Syrian pilgrimage, which leaves Damascus each year in the month Shawwâl, following the fast of Ramadan, and makes its way painfully, slowly, and laboriously over the more than nine hundred miles of desert which lie between Damascus and Mecca.

The money-train departed the next morning at daylight, but the morning diligence brought more faithful Moslems who spread their rugs by the roadside and prayed, while the tired horses were being exchanged for fresh ones that would take them another stage on the way to Damascus.

Leaving Shtôra in the morning at daybreak for Baalbek, we drove up the beautiful valley of the Lebanons, gay with wild flowers and fresh spring verdure, and set in the midst of a great arena of unreal and unsubstantial looking blue mountains with white summits, which somehow gave the impression of being painted in on the background for a sort of theatrical, scenic effect. At a sharp turn in the road we came upon a gazelle which ran before us for a mile or more scarcely seeming to touch its feet to the ground as it went springing along. A few miles to the north of Shtôra lies Kerak Nôh, where the tomb of the

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patriarch Noah is shown. The grave in which the ancient mariner lies is more than one hundred and thirty feet long, but even this extreme



The Great Columns Baabek.

longitude does not satisfy the Arab guides, who evidently believe that there were great men in those days, and maintain that if the patriarch had

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not been buried with his knees bent and his feet extending downwards, his grave would not have been less than one hundred and fifty feet in length. A five hours' drive brings us within sight of the ruins of Baalbek the Magnificent - the



Illustrating the Diameter of a Temple Column

"City of the Sun" and the "God of the Valley," where stands the massive masonry and wonderfully beautiful columns of the most glorious ruin in the world.

High above the ruins of the great temple six huge columns raise their heads. The suns of

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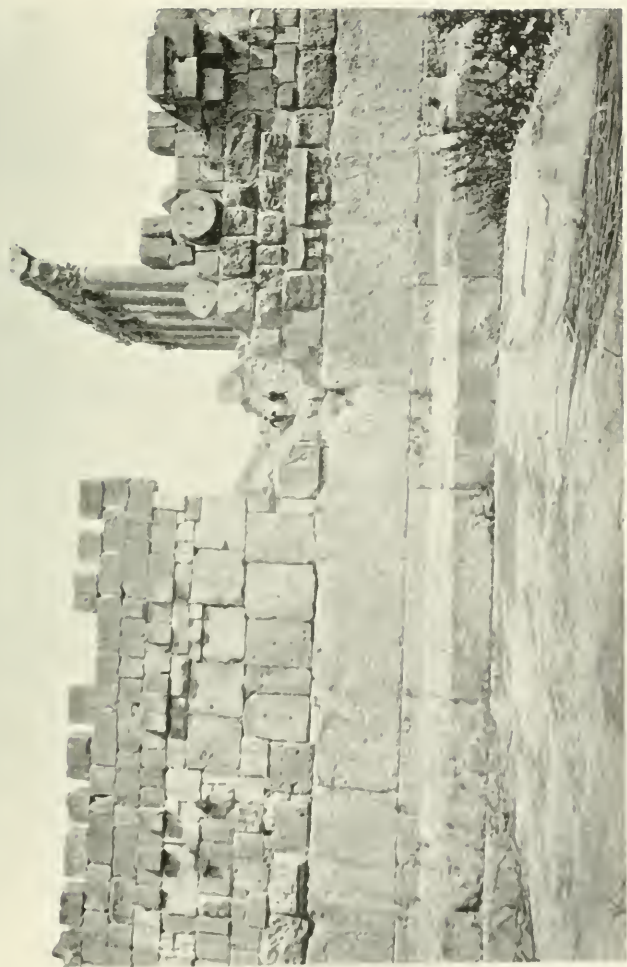
many centuries have ripened them to a mellow golden color. Not in the whole world is there anything more beautiful than these gigantic pillars of stone springing from the plain grandly defying the ravages of time which has laid low fifty of their fellows that once stood beside them forming the peristyle of the great temple.

In the enclosing wall, at a height of about twenty feet above the ground, are three gigantic blocks of stone—the largest ever used in building. They measure respectively 64 feet, 63½ feet, and 62 feet in length, and are each 13 feet high and 13 feet thick. This part of the structure is ascribed to the Phœnicians; but when and how these great stones were put in place will probably always remain one of the great mysteries of the world.

The Arabs have a tradition that it was built by Cain as a refuge from the wrath of Jehovah, and that after the flood, when Nimrod ruled over Lebanon, he sent giants to rebuild it. It is also referred to by Arab historians as the tower of Babel and the Temple of Solomon.

Whatever its origin, it stands to-day the most beautiful and impressive ruin in the world, so satisfying in its grandeur that even the traveller fresh from Egypt and the Pyramids looks with awe and amazement upon its cyclopean proportions.

From Baalbek we drove back to Shtôra, where



The Great Stones in the Walls Baa bek

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we resumed our journey to Damascus. On leaving Shtôra after crossing the valley we climbed the steep slopes of the anti-Lebanons, and rode along for miles through a wild, rocky cañon, finally descending rapidly toward the Wady Barada, the valley of that beautiful river, the Barada, or Abana, the joy and pride of the Syrians, which occupies in their affections to-day the same high place that it did of old when Naaman, the leper, cried to Elisha's messenger, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" and, unless the character of the streams has greatly changed since that time, Elisha's messenger must have been constrained to answer in the affirmative as he looked on the fresh, sparkling stream of the Abana, shining amongst the luxurious vegetation of the beautiful valley, and compared it with the turbulent and muddy waters of the Jordan, rushing along on its way to the Dead Sea.

As we approach Damascus the waters of the Barada are divided and led away through many channels, and numerous conduits at different levels convey the water to all parts of the city. On the left, at the back of the village Ès Salahi-yeh, rises the barren Jebel Kâsiûm, where Adam is supposed to have lived, and where, according to Arab tradition, the body of the murdered Abel was hidden in a cavern.

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Presently we pass an old mill on the right, and then the road leads for a long distance between pleasant gardens, where drowsy Arabs are contentedly smoking their narghilis in the shade of the citron and pomegranate trees near the banks of the rushing stream, and then a turn in the road reveals the distant minarets and the white-domed khans of Damascus gleaming in the sunlight. As we go on, we pass on our right the Merj, a large, open field on the banks of the Abana, where Arab, Bedouin, and Turkish riders are exhibiting their wonderful horsemanship in the game of throwing the djerid. Finally we pass the Tekkiyeh, an old dervish monastery, and draw up in front of a small hotel with stucco walls and a very uninviting looking exterior, and our journey for the day is over.

Toward the close of Ramadan, the month of fasting, Damascus begins to take on a holiday appearance, and the bazaars are crowded with strange people from the deserts, and pilgrims who have come to join the caravan which starts about a week after the three days' feast of Beiram is over.

The principal bazaars are in the "Street called Straight," spoken of in the Bible, a long, covered roadway with an arched roof, leading from the citadel to the old city wall, near to the house of Ananias, and to the place where St. Paul is sup-

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posed to have made his escape from Damascus. From this street narrow arteries lead in every direction, all peopled with picturesque humanity, from the Shêkh in silk kaftan, to the beggar in



Tomb of Sheikh in Damascus

sackcloth, or the tattooed, unveiled Bedouin woman from the desert, all buying or begging something to make merry with in the coming three days' feast. Venders of merchandise of

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every description are crying their wares in shrill voices. A man selling cresses cries, "Eat of my cresses, oh ye old women, and become young again," while a flower-seller points to his bouquets and says, "sâlih hamâtak," which means "appease your mother-in-law." Little cooking-shops exhale the savory odor of kebâbs—little cubes of mutton and fat—which are being roasted on skewers over charcoal fires. Sellers of khushâf, a drink prepared from raisins, oranges, and apricots, and cooled with snow from the Lebanons, are vaunting the superiority of their especial beverage, and calling attention to its coolness and clearness as it stands in the gigantic glass bottles. Tarboosh makers are ironing the red fezzes on brass moulds, and copper and brass workers are hammering away busily at their wares. At the corner of a narrow alley sits a scribe, with quill in hand and ink-pot strapped about his waist, prepared to turn his hand to anything from a love-letter to a dragoman's contract; while gray-bearded book-sellers sit gravely in their stalls turning the leaves of old Korans or poring over curious volumes of Arabic tales.

On the last day of Ramadan the street is filled with green boughs of every variety, which are eagerly bought by the women, who go in great numbers to the cemeteries and deck the graves with them, it being customary at this season for

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the relatives of the dead to visit their graves and tombs, and to make their prayers for the souls of the departed. People of wealth erect gay-colored tents over the graves which they visit, to protect



Tombs decorated during Feast of Beirout

themselves from the hot sun, refreshments are served, and the whole cemetery wears a gala look.

The children come in for their share of the general festivities in Beirout, and, decked like their elders in the gayest of new gowns, they gorge

themselves with ices and sweets in the bazaars, drink sweetened and colored water from long-necked bottles, and ride about the street in queer little wagons bedecked with flags and streamers, pushed by good-natured Syrians.

The gardens beside the Barada are filled with pleasure-seekers, who eat ices and sweets, drink thick black coffee from tiny cups, and smoke their narghils, while story-tellers squat before them on the ground, relating wonderful tales for their amusement. Rich merchants keep open house and vie with one another in the splendor of the entertainments given in the open courtyards of their marble palaces, and if you are fortunate enough to secure an invitation from one of them some night, you may sit on a luxurious divan in the *liwân*, a lofty, open colonnade with pointed arches, at the side of a marble-paved courtyard, where the moonlight sifts through the rich green foliage of the orange and citron trees, revealing the yellow gleam of the ripening fruit, and the air is fragrant with jasmine and apricot blossoms; and while you smoke your peaceful narghili and listen to the musical splash of the water in the great fountain, you may see Salha dance in the moonlit courtyard—Salha, the beautiful, tall Jewess with the oval face and olive skin, and the darkest hair and most brilliant eyes you have ever seen, who moves with a freedom and grace you

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have never before imagined, who is as straight and slender as an arrow and as proud as a princess, and who dances like a demon when the fumes of the raki have gone to her brain.



The Great Omayyad Mosque

The great Omayyad Mosque, in the building of which the genii are said to have assisted the twelve hundred artists who were summoned from Constantinople for the huge task, and for which antique columns and rarest marbles were brought from all the ancient temples of Syria, was burned

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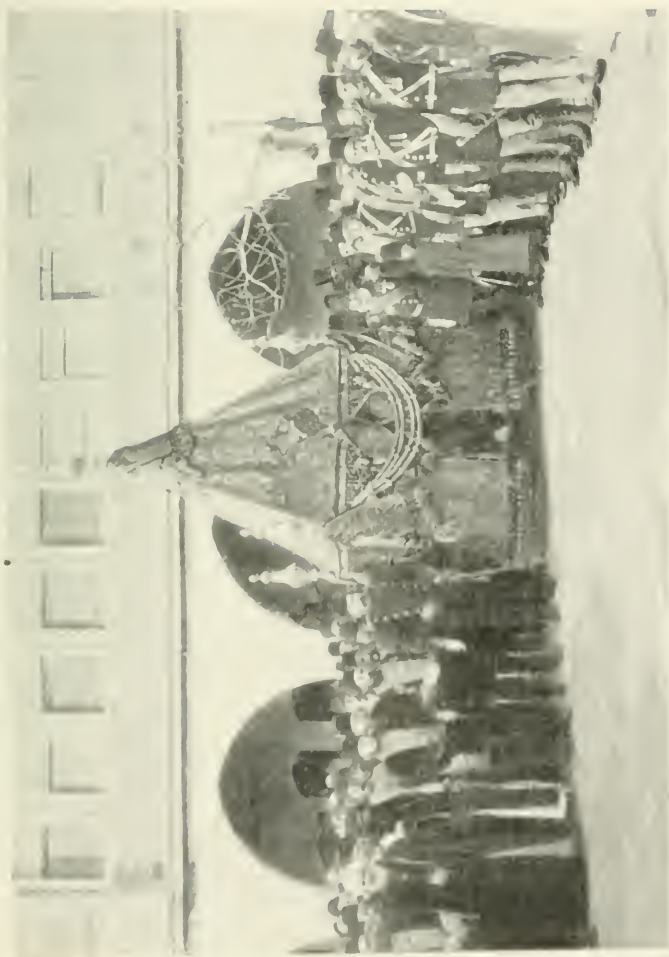
in the autumn of 1893, but the courtyard is still intact, and during Ramadan and Beiram is thronged with devout Moslems who come in answer to the shrill cry of the muezzin, who, high up in one of the graceful minarets, repeats his "Allahu Akbar"—"Allah is great"—and testifies to the glory of Mohammed. The minaret at the



View of Damascus from the Garbiyeh Minaret of the Great Mosque.

southeast corner bears the name of Mâdinet 'Îsâ, from the ancient tradition that, at the last judgment day, Jesus will take his place on its summit to judge the world. At the side of the mosque are the ruins of the goldsmith's bazaar, which, with its rich stores of curiously wrought silver and gold, was entirely destroyed by the fire which ruined the great Mohammedan temple.

Enmer Ruschdi Pacha, the Mushir, or Turkish Military Governor of Damascus, holds a high



Cairo, Egypt, with the Embellished Caravan, Mecca

Beyrout and Damascus

levee at the end of Ramadan and later, when the pilgrims are ready to start to Mecca, he directs the ceremonies and sees the rich embroidered hangings for the Kaaba, together with a Koran and the Green Flag of the Prophet, carefully disposed in the magnificently draped camel litter in which they are to be conveyed to Beit Allah (the house of God), the holy mosque at Mecca.

When the pilgrims start they go out of the gate called Bawwâbet Allah, or God's Gate, and the long procession of thousands of devout Moslems of all ranks moves slowly along the Meidân, a long street which leads through the suburbs of Damascus toward the route to Mecca. In front are the Turkish officers and the military band, then the richly caparisoned camel bearing the litter containing the embroidered cloths, and following after, thousands of pilgrims of all degrees—old men and young men, beggars on foot and princes on horseback, all bound to the mother of cities on the one common errand which has been the duty of every faithful Mohammedan for thirteen hundred years.

Bedouins from the desert, with their dark head-shawls held in place by thick coils of camel's-hair wound twice round their heads, riding beautiful Arab horses guided only by a rope-halter; Kurdish shepherds; Arabs on dromedaries; Druses of high rank, wearing snow-white turbans,

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and armed with long lances, silver-handled pistols, curved swords and long-barrelled guns with



Waiting for the Procession.

richly ornamented stocks; wild-looking men from the desert with unkempt locks and restless eyes; and grotesque camel litters covered with



The Parade Starting for Mexico

Beyrout and Damascus

colored cloths, carrying pilgrims too wealthy or too weak to walk. Many go out of the gate never to return, having put off their pilgrimage until old age or disease has so weakened them that they are unable to endure the hardships of the desert trip, but succumb on the way, happy,



The Women on the Hauran.

however, in the belief that he who dies on the pilgrimage is immediately transported to that Paradise where sparkling fountains flow in the midst of green gardens filled with golden fruit, and where beautiful houris, with eyes like sloes, wait upon the faithful.

And so this great procession passes out of the city, watched by the women from the house-tops until it becomes a mere cloud of dust in the desert, and when the setting sun halts them for the

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night, its last rays fall upon thousands of dark-robed figures with faces turned toward Mecca, bending their heads to the yellow sand, and thanking Allah that one day of their pilgrimage is accomplished, and that they are one day's march nearer to the sacred shrine.

X

THE PACHA'S LEVEE

ONE morning, after a night's rest broken many times by the howling and barking of the countless, snarling yellow curs which infest the streets of Damascus, I was awakened by the sound of a Turkish band marching down the dusty street by the side of the Barada. The weird and monotonous droning of the clarinets grew louder as the procession neared the hotel, but as it was not yet seven o'clock and the pariah dogs had cheated me out of the best part of my night's sleep, I did not rise, preferring to lie comfortably in bed, where I could look out at the golden fruit which gleamed among the dark foliage of the orange-trees in the courtyard, and listen to the cool splash of the water as it fell into the marble basin of the fountain.

The sound of passing feet died away, the music was growing faint in the distance, and I was dozing off comfortably into another little nap, when there was a rap on my door, and a fellow-traveller rushed in, exclaiming, excitedly :

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"Well, you have missed it! This is the first day of the great Moslem feast of Beiram, and all the dignitaries of Syria, in splendid robes and silk kaftans, have just passed in procession on their way to pay their respects to the Mushir, the Turkish military governor, who is holding a grand levee this morning."

Somewhat nettled at having missed this picturesque parade I arose, and, while my fellow-traveller was breakfasting, I made my way down the narrow street toward the citadel. I had not gone far when I was joined by the watchful Yosef, a Syrian dragoman, who had guided me through the intricacies of the bazaars on the preceding day.

"Yosef," I exclaimed, "what manner of dragoman are you, that you did not inform me yesterday of this spectacle?"

"Ah, Excellency," returned the crafty Yosef, who had evidently known no more of the celebration than myself until he was awakened by the sound of the band, "I wished to make a surprise for you. At six o'clock this morning I wait for you by the hotel, but you not wake. Now you like Turkish band, we go hear him play in the serai."

We made our way through the narrow twisting streets, stepping over the sleeping dogs which lay stretched out in the middle of the roads, ex-

The Pacha's Levee

hausted by their night's prowling and yelping, until we came to the military serai or square, on one side of which stretched the barracks of the Fifth Corps of the Turkish army, while opposite was the palace of the Mushir, the commandant and general of the division.

The square presented a brilliant sight. In a small enclosed garden, at the right of the palace, the band was playing lustily, and two pyramids of bells of various sizes, arranged on staves, surmounted by golden crescents, dazzled the eyes as they were turned rapidly in the bright sunlight, keeping time with the barbaric music.

To the left of the palace carriages were driving up with dark-faced coachmen in silk robes and red tarbooshes, and gorgeous cavasses in blue jackets richly embroidered with gold, wearing long curved swords with silver handles, and looking very fierce and important, on the box seat. From the carriages a stream of grave-looking Syrian dignitaries in silks and satins were alighting at the foot of the marble steps. Black-bearded Greek priests and bishops in purple and black vestments, wearing tall black head coverings bearing a strong resemblance to a modern silk hat worn upside down; hadjis and descendants of the Prophet with green turbans; dervish sheiks in long brown gowns, wearing on their heads great brown cones nearly two feet high,

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like inverted flower-pots; Turkish officers in smart uniforms; Bedouins from the desert with their dark silk kaffiêhs, held in place by thick coils of camel's-hair wrapped around their heads, were dismounting from their gaily caparisoned Arab horses, whose saddles and bridles were decorated with brilliant designs in beads and shells; sheiks from Palmyra and Baalbek; rulers of the small desert towns—all had come to pay their respects to the Mushir.

I had stood for some time, elbowed by the crowd and noting each fresh arrival, before my curiosity led me to wonder what was going on inside the palace, and how the Mushir would receive his guests; but no sooner did the thought occur to me than I determined if possible to go in and see for myself; so, turning to Yosef, I said:

"Yosef, I will also pay my respects to the governor."

"Oh," said Yosef, with visible signs of alarm in his usually imperturbable face, "it ees not necessary."

I explained that even if it were not necessary I intended to go, but Yosef demurred.

"You do not know heem. You cannot go."

I endeavored to explain to Yosef that possibly if I did know the Mushir I might not wish to go; but, not having the pleasure of meeting him, I felt

The Pacha's Levee

bound to give him the benefit of any doubt as to the desirability of his acquaintance, and pay him my respects. Yosef was in despair.

"It could not be—it was not necessary." He begged and implored, and threatened to desert me; but I had determined to see the inside of the palace, and his prayers did not move me. So, drawing on my gloves and squaring my shoulders I mustered up all the dignity at my command, and, marching over to a conspicuous Turkish official, literally smothered in gold lace, who was standing at the foot of the marble steps, pulled out my card-case and presented him with my card. He held it upside down and looked curiously at it, then turned it over and looked at the back to see if there should be anything there which he could decipher. The blank back afforded him no clue, and so, with an utterly puzzled look, he passed it on to another gold-laced guardian, who stood a few steps above him, accompanying the transfer with a remark in Turkish which appeared to me to be entirely irrelevant. Meanwhile I stood calmly at the foot of the steps, while my card was passed from hand to hand, and finally disappeared through the doorway.

A moment afterward two of the commandant's aides appeared at the top of the steps, a question was asked, and I was pointed out to them, and they saluted me gravely and escorted me to the

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top of the marble steps, and then, through the hall of the palace to the entrance of an immense long salon, at the end of which, seated on a divan, his decorations on his breast and his sword at his side, was the Mushir.

No one else was in the room; and Yosef, who had followed me quakingly up the steps, had stopped at the door. As I walked up the room I commenced to wonder what I should say. I had been for several months in Arab countries, and had a small working vocabulary of Arabic, consisting of the usual salutations, and such phrases as "It is warm," "It is good," "It is bad," "Go faster," and "How much is it?" but I did not see how I was to carry on a very extended or intelligible conversation with this small equipment. But, mustering up my courage, I advanced toward the end of the room, and, after making the grand Oriental salute by bending my body, and touching my hand first to the floor and then to my heart, mouth, and forehead, I opened the conversation with the customary Oriental salutation, "Salaam alêkum!" meaning, "Peace be with you!"

Now, there are two answers to this salutation—you can either reverse it and say, "Alêkum salaam," which seems rather like saying, "You're another," or you may place your right hand on your breast, and afterward raise it to your fore-



The Interview with the Pope

The Pacha's Levee

head and say, "Kahweh dâiman!" which means, "May you never want coffee!"

My distinguished host used neither, but bowed gravely, and with a wave of his hand motioned me to a seat on the divan at his side. Believing that a cheerful flow of conversation would relieve any embarrassment that he might feel in receiving a stranger from a distant part of the world, I formulated almost my entire stock in trade of the Arabic language into one long, disconnected sentence, which indicated my anxiety for his welfare, touched upon the state of the weather, and concluded with a variety of shopping phrases and donkey-talk, in the course of which I remember saying "Bikâm deh?" (What does this cost?) and "U'a riglak" (take care of your foot).

My host sat calmly through this brilliant and pyrotechnic conversational display, but when I paused I could discover no sign of comprehension upon his grave face. Looking down the room, I saw the shrinking form of Yosef just without the doors, and, after an abortive attempt to involve the Pacha in a French dialogue, I called Yosef's name and signalled him to come to my assistance.

Yosef cringingly and apologetically made his way to where I sat, and commenced a series of elaborate and conciliatory salaams to the Pacha, evidently wishing to convey to that august Oriental the fact that he was not personally re-

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sponsible for my introduction to the palace, and had done his best to restrain me."

"Yosef," I said, "the old gentleman does not seem to fully grasp my Arabic; suppose you try him and find out what the trouble is."

Yosef then addressed himself to the Pacha, who replied in Turkish, and Yosef then explained to me that his excellency did not understand Arabic, having only lately come here from Constantinople.

My knowledge of the Turkish language was limited to the single word *git*, which conveys the same forceful idea in Turkish as in English, and, as I was momentarily expecting the Pacha to introduce this expressive monosyllable in his speech, I resolved to throw the burden of the conversation upon my dragoman.

"Yosef," said I, "you shall interpret my English into the most flowery Turkish of which you are capable;" for experience had taught me that a man who has been brought up in the land of the *Arabian Nights*, requires that the conversation addressed to him shall be exceedingly ornate before he can detect a complimentary flavor in it.

"Tell his Excellency," I began, "that my eyes have feasted upon the garden of the world, this earthly paradise, the fair city of Damascus, and that I could not take my way back to the New World without paying my respects to the ruler of this most ancient of cities, whose name and military exploits are so well known even in far America."

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I did not know his name myself at the time, and the sword by his side had suggested the military heroism, but the exigencies of Oriental politeness require the straining of a point or two when a compliment is to be paid.

Yosef evidently rendered my remarks in satisfactory Turkish, and a pleased smile gradually took the place of the puzzled look on the Pacha's face. Then it was his turn, and he gave me back as good as I sent. "Never had he been so honored before. It was true that he had been visited by many Europeans, but never before had he had the happiness of entertaining a traveller from America, that great land beyond the seas."

Yosef was kept busy bandying compliments, until I had exhausted every superlative which my ingenuity could apply to Damascus, its people, its rulers, and its immediate surroundings, and then the Pacha excused himself for a moment and left the room. Presently he returned and handed me three of his cards, which read as follows:

فَيْتَحِيهِمُ شَرِّكَ الْإِسْلَامِ

بَشِيحِي زِدْوِي هُمَايُونُ فَوَاطِنَانِي

Le Général de Division

Eumer Ruschidi Pacha

Commandant du 3^e Corps d'Armée

Not to be outdone in generosity, I produced my card-case, and added three more of my own to the one which had disappeared up the steps, and which the Pacha now held in his hand. He received them with a becoming show of gratitude, and, placing them upon the divan, clapped his hands smartly together.

Two Ethiopians immediately sprang from an adjoining room in answer to this signal, and advanced bowing to take his orders, which done, they retired to another room, almost immediately reappearing bearing large trays covered with richly embroidered gold cloths, upon which were various sweets, fig-paste, Turkish-delight, grape-jelly, and golden goblets filled with sweetened water flavored with rose.

These were placed before me, and with a small spoon I took a mouthful of the grape-jelly, the Pacha did likewise, and then from another tray we took tiny cups of thick coffee and delicious cigarettes. When I had taken my coffee and smoked my cigarette, I arose to take my leave; for conversation, even under Yosef's fostering care, had languished, and I did not care for any more grape-jelly and rose-water before breakfast; so, expressing my pleasure in having seen the distinguished Pacha, I was about to withdraw. But the Pacha intended a further honor for me. Rising from the divan, he accompanied me to the



The Peck's Lovers

The Pacha's Levee

end of the room, and then to the head of the marble steps.

During my visit many carriages had arrived, and the Church and State dignitaries had been side-tracked into another room until my interview with the Pacha should terminate. The conspicuous honor which the Pacha was doing me, in accompanying me to the head of the steps, evidently made a great impression upon the waiting crowd, and, as I reached the top step, the Pacha raised his hand, and the Turkish band burst forth into a furious march. The soldiers presented arms, and the crowd opened a passageway for me toward the carriages.

With a parting salaam I marched down the steps, Yosef behind me, no longer cringing and trembling, but with his head in the air and a triumphant smile upon his face. I had walked over from the hotel, but it would never do for me to take my departure in so humble a manner while the eyes of the Pacha were upon me, so, without turning my head, I spoke in English to my proud retainer:

"Yosef, pick out the best-looking carriage, with a gold-laced cavass on the box, that you can see, and command the coachman to drive up to me at once."

Yosef did as he was bid, a gorgeous equipage appeared, and I stepped into it; and, at a word

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from Yosef, we whirled away out of the square. When we were well out of sight I stopped the carriage, bestowed a liberal backsheesh upon the driver and the cavass, and sent them back to wait for their master, while Yosef and I walked back to the hotel.

As we walked along, Yosef, whose elation was unbounded at having made his first appearance in the Mushir's palace, could scarcely contain himself.

"Excellency," he suggested, "there is 'nother levee after breakfast; you like, we go to the palace of the civil governor."

"No, Yosef," I replied. "'It ees not necessary.' I have had enough grape-jelly, rose-water, and Turkish-delight for one day. After breakfast we will go the bazaars."

XI

ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO

THE traveller who journeys to Egypt by means of a P. & O. steamer has a foretaste of the Orient on board ship. The crew is mostly composed of Punjabis, and Lascars from Gogo, near Bombay, in blue cotton shirts and white drawers, whose shanty songs are composed of Mohammedan creeds, the names of God and the Prophets, and as they haul away on the ropes they keep up an endless repetition of "Allah! El Mahdi! Allah! Mohammed!" varied by an occasional "Yallah! Yallah!" or "faster! faster!" The firemen and stokers, who from time to time come up from the depths of the ship to breathe, are also Mohammedans, being mostly Zanzibaris and Soudanese, while the rest of the motley ship's company is made up of Portuguese sailors, Italian and Swiss stewards, and English officers.

The forward deck of the steamer is partitioned off by a canvas screen, and there, surrounded by a curious assortment of domestic animals, cows, sheep, and pigs, and crates of pigeons, ducks, and

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various barn-yard fowls, these dark-skinned Mohammedans prepare their unappetizing looking messes.

Egypt rises reluctantly from the sea, and the first indication you have of nearing Alexandria is when a smart-looking little open boat, with two lateen sails, comes shooting out of the southeast and brings up alongside to deposit a blue-robed, white-turbaned pilot on board. Then, Tommy Atkins, who has been pitching rings and playing shuffle-board for the past few days in fatigue uniform, goes below and presently reappears in white cross-straps and pith helmet, with a despatch-bag slung over his shoulder, and strains his eyes to see the gleam of the Egyptian sands, and wonders if there are orders in his bag which will send him tramping hundreds of miles up into the burning desert to fight with "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" in the Soudan.

Presently you distinguish a tall pillar rising from the sea, and a light-house, the oldest in the world, which stands near the site where the great tower of Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, once reared its head; and then a long row of windmills and the flat coast of Egypt come into view, and a great harbor filled with the masts, funnels, and smoke of its shipping, with the long white line of the city behind, accented by rounded domes and gleaming minarets.

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First impressions of Alexandria are apt to be a trifle confused, for even before you can let your eye wander over the full extent of the city your steamer is surrounded by small boats, and a blue-gowned, red-turbaned, brown-legged swarm of humanity tumbles over the side like a devastating cloud of army-worms, and seizes your bags, your trunks, your canes and umbrellas, and your person, and endeavors to distribute you and your belongings into a dozen different boats.

If after a display of stern purpose, backed with a creditable exhibition of physical force, you succeed in getting all of your impedimenta, in the way of boxes and bags, safely in one boat, you are rowed ashore to the custom-house, where you are again pounced upon by an eager mob, who distribute your property among themselves in the greatest number of separate packages which their ingenuity can devise, and start on a run down the long wharf, an imposing array of carriers, which somehow reminds you of the pictures of Stanley crossing the Dark Continent; and you struggle along after, conscious of your utter inability to formulate an intelligible protest in Arabic, and wondering if you will ever see any of your luggage again.

Alexandria is so much less interesting than Cairo that the traveller as a rule spends only such time there as is unavoidable before taking

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the first train for the Egyptian capital, for the sights of the city and all its show places, such as Pompey's Pillar and the Catacombs, can be comfortably managed in a few hours' sightseeing. The city was rendered much more interesting to me from the fact that I knew some Greek-Egyptians who lived there, and was thus privileged to obtain an idea of Egyptian life in an Egyptian city, rarely attainable to the traveller.

Their house was on one of the larger avenues near the Place Méhémet Ali, and was entered by a driveway closed by great iron gates. Behind the house was a garden, where cool fountains played, and Greek statues—relics of the splendor of the ancient city—were embowered in the dense green of the tropical foliage. The first story of the house was given over to a private museum of Greek and Egyptian antiquities, and for storage rooms and quarters for the servants. The second floor contained the formal drawing-room, reception, and music rooms, while the dining-room and living rooms of the family were up still another flight, an arrangement necessitating a considerable climbing of stairs, as elevators have not yet been introduced in the private houses of Egypt.

We dined at a table which might have been laid in Paris or London or New York, and the elaborate dinner bespoke the offices of a French

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chef in the kitchen. After dinner we listened to selections from Grieg and Wagner on a Steinway piano in the music-room, and even the consciousness that there were a dozen mummies on the first floor could hardly make me realize that I was in Egypt.

A stroll through the streets of the city is interesting chiefly because of the great number of different nationalities and varied costumes which you see. Most of the principal buildings of the town have been erected since the bombardment of 1882, and are neither picturesque nor beautiful. In the Turkish quarter a collection of board shanties has been put up in place of the houses destroyed by the British shells, giving that part of the city the appearance of being a temporary show, like the Turkish village at the World's Fair, although not as interesting.

I saw a little incident in the Arab cemetery which illustrated the Egyptian etiquette of the complete division of the sexes, which does not allow of men and women being seen together in public, even if they be husband and wife, father and daughter, or brother and sister. I was seated near a marble headstone richly carved with gilded Arabic inscriptions, and surmounted by a red fez carved from stone, when a sad little procession entered. At its head was a young mother holding in her arms the dead body of her

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little girl wrapped in an Eastern shawl. Following her were a number of women moaning and lamenting, and at some distance behind came the father surrounded by a group of men. When the mother had reached the appointed place she laid the little body tenderly upon the ground, and drawing back the shawl kissed and caressed the face of her dead child, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. Then with the other women she withdrew to some little distance and the husband approached and took the little dead child in his arms, moaning and swaying back and forth in his grief, while the men gathered about to comfort him.

Then two of the men scraped a little shallow trough in the ground and laid the tiny body in the shawl at rest. Then all the men withdrew and the mother once more approached, and after one more despairing look, she was led away quivering with grief, the men going one way and the women another, leaving the little grave to be bricked up and cemented above ground, according to the Arab custom.

One day we drove with two ladies of the family—or rather after them—to their great private garden on the Mahmûdiyeh canal, about three miles beyond the city. In the midst of a wonderfully beautiful enclosure brilliant with the bloom of tropical plants, scarlet poinsettas and great

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vines of purple bougainvillea, was the great white stone house which they occasionally use as a summer residence, from the flat roof of which a view of the whole garden could be obtained, with orchards of peaches, apricots, oranges, and citrons, and fields of melons and sugar-cane; and beyond, the red roofs of the city outlined against the blue Mediterranean.

On a night in 1882 they were giving a grand ball here. The English fleet was lying in the harbor of Alexandria, and many of the officers had eagerly accepted this opportunity to dance with the pretty Greek-Egyptian girls of Alexandria in the beautiful gardens.

While the ball was at its height word came from the town that Arabi Pacha had risen and that the Europeans in the city were being massacred. Then came messengers from the ships ordering all officers to report immediately on board for duty, and before the rumor had reached the musicians or the strains of the last waltz had died away, they had strapped on their swords, jumped on their horses, and were riding for their lives toward the harbor. Then came fresh alarms from the city; two servants pulled up their panting horses with the news that the city house was being sacked and that a mob was on its way out to attack the gardens. Gardeners and workmen about the place came and threw themselves at

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the feet of their master, promising to protect him and his family with their lives; the men were armed and posted about the great stone walls of the garden, and preparations were made to barricade the doors and windows of the house, that they might sell their lives as dearly as possible. Then the whole company flocked to the housetop, where they could hear the noise of firing in the city and see the flames devour the houses about the Place Méhémet Ali. There they could distinguish the outline of the city house as it burst into flames, telling of the destruction of all their treasures of art and antiquity. The suspense became unbearable; at any moment they expected to hear the yells of the Arab fanatics outside the garden walls. Some one told the musicians to play another waltz, and although almost distracted by fear, they all joined in the dance, glad to do anything to relieve the terrible strain; and so the night passed with dancing and praying, with laughter and trembling; first climbing to the roof to see the city all ablaze with flames that told of sickening massacre, then descending to the ball-room in vain efforts to try and forget their terror for a moment; until at last the morning came, and with it word that the immediate danger was over.

This must have been a thrilling night, this dancing with death and murder at the very door,

and as we sat beneath the orange-trees and heard the story we found it difficult to realize that this beautiful garden, where timid gazelles with great brown eyes browsed about the edge of the fountain, had so nearly been laid waste and its owners had so narrowly escaped being massacred at the hands of the Arab fanatics.

Arabi Pacha's career was short but brilliant. A man of the people, he studied at El Azhar and imbibed the fanatic spirit of the Moslem college. He was the orator of the people, and his battle cry was "Egypt for the Egyptians;" but he found himself utterly powerless to cope with the strength of the great nation which he had aroused, and as incapable of carrying on a protracted warfare against them as he would have been of governing and improving the condition of the Egyptian people had his dream of conquest been realized.

From Alexandria to Cairo is a little over four hours' ride in a modern English railway carriage over a good road-bed; to this time should be added, however, an extra hour for the inevitable skirmish with porters, baggage-weighers, and ticket-sellers at the station, before you are fairly on board with the door of your compartment closed.

Traversing the border of Lake Marcotis you travel for miles through the low marshes of the

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delta, rich with a lusty growth of green, but monotonous and uninteresting save for the long strings of laden camels and donkeys which traverse the narrow paths on the embankments of the innumerable canals and water-ways.

From time to time you pass little collections of mud huts, so small and insignificant as to be scarcely distinguishable under the clumps of palm-trees that shelter them.

A little more than half way to Cairo you obtain a first view of the Nile as the train crosses the Rosetta arm at Kafr ez-Zaiyât by a long iron bridge, under which the father of rivers rolls muddy, sullen, and brown, in open defiance of the milliners and dressmakers, who have chosen a light pale green as his proper garb and have given it his name. An hour's ride farther on the train stops for a few minutes at Tanta, which lies between the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile. Tanta is famous for its bazaars and fairs, but its principal product, to judge from the display at the railway station, consists of boiled eggs. As soon as the train slows up at the station baskets of them appear at the door of every compartment, and are pushed through the windows by the brown-skinned venders. They are infinitesimal in size and are sold at various prices, dropping to almost nothing a moment before the train leaves. The acute intelligence of these ragged merchants



A Cairo Street.

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is attested by their universal appreciation of boiled eggs as the most salable article of food, as the newly arrived traveller in Egypt could hardly be persuaded to buy anything from such a ragged, dirty, motley crew, unless it were protected from dirt and possible disease by an invulnerable shell. After a few weeks in Arab countries you eat almost anything, and are glad to get it, but this hardened appetite comes gradually as the cultivated prejudices of civilization wear away.

Arrived in Cairo you go to Shephard's Hotel. It is true that there are other hotels where some people choose to go, as some New York men choose to live in Brooklyn or Hoboken; but Shephard's is Cairo, and any departure from it places you out of touch of the life of the city. All the news is either made there or brought there, and the bulletins of races and sham battles, of tennis matches and private theatricals, and all the divertissements and advertisements of the English army of occupation are first posted in its hallways.

There the lieutenant on short pay betakes himself in his oft-turned scarlet mess-jacket to adorn the table and give local color to the dinners of the latest arrivals. There the officer returning to England advertises that he will exchange his polo pony for a silver-mounted travelling case.

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There the brown-eyed dragomen gather at the door in robes of silks, swinging their little canes and beguiling travellers with stories of the wonderful sights they can guide them to, as if there was anything in the world better worth seeing than the shifting panorama of the street in front of the hotel piazza. Camels almost hidden under great bales of green fodder plod by like animated hay-stacks; clean-shaven donkeys with gay trappings scamper along, encouraged from behind by the shrill cries and sharp proddings of the blue-gowned donkey boys; water-carriers with great goat-skins bulging with water from the Nile clink their brass cups together; closed carriages filled with white-veiled women whirl by preceded by gorgeously dressed runners; English officers in scarlet coats ride by on Arab horses, and between the iron bars of the grill which divides the hotel yard from the street peer the brown faces of beggars, idlers, guides, and sidewalk merchants, surmounted by multi-colored turbans and red fezzes, while above the noise of the busy street rises the incessant murmur of "bakshish — bakshish!" a sound whose constant reiteration you will never escape while you are in Arab countries.

When you have done the mosques and tombs and shouting dervishes and other stock sights of Cairo you will drift inevitably back to the Muski and the bazaars. The chief distinction

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of the Muski is that it is a straight street leading in a definite direction, and from it it is possible to find your way back to your hotel. Into the Muski empty the disordered streets, narrow lanes,



In the Muski

tortuous alleys, and winding by-paths of the bazaars, and in the bazaars you may wander for hours not knowing where you are, except that you are in the very heart of Eastern life and color, and need no other diversion than that provided by the kaleidoscopic colors of the gay

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bazaar and the picturesque crowds that throng them.

Here are Copts in blue turbans, Jews in yellow, Sherifs, or descendants of the prophets, and Hadjis who have performed their pilgrimage to Mecca, in green; and in the stalls grave-faced merchants selling bright red and yellow morocco shoes, weighing out gold and silver ornaments in little scales, spreading wonderfully woven silk-rugs before their customers, or beating curious oriental designs into great brass trays. You can revel in this wealth of color and watch these Eastern artisans at their vocations for days together and never weary of it, so different is it all from our Western standard of life and civilization.

There is a mystery about Eastern life that fascinates you. You feel that you have never penetrated for an instant the inscrutable exterior or divined the lightest thought of the grave merchant who sells you a silver ring. There is a mystery about the veiled women who come to bargain in the bazaars for days together for some ornament on which they have set their hearts. There is a mystery about the narrow streets overhung with carved latticed balconies, from behind which brown eyes are staring at you. There is a mystery about their religion and the curious devotions of the fanatics, and the mystery of the

Sphinx pales before the mystery of a people living their lives as they lived them thousands of years ago, uninfluenced and untouched by the great stream of modern civilization and progress that flows around them.

The camel, the Sphinx, and the Pyramids are the great distinguishing signs of Egypt, and it is the chief care of every traveller there to get them all in conjunction, place himself carefully in focus, and be photographed, as it were, "in their midst."

Travellers, as a rule, confess to some disappointment when they are brought face to face with the Sphinx. It serves fairly well as a photographic background, and the New York baseball nine have posed in uniform, with bats in their hands, between its ample paws and obtained satisfactory portraits. Napoleon stood before it with folded arms, and had his picture painted so, but in spite of such precedents to enhance its pictorial possibilities, the expression of the average traveller betrays a shadow of disappointment as he stands in silent contemplation before the huge stone face.

This feeling may possibly be explained by the fact that there are no facilities for climbing to the top of the great image and standing on its head. The habitual tourist is an educated climber. Guide-books, guides, couriers, and dragomen all encourage him in the practice of getting to the

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top of things, until it becomes a fixed habit. Although personally averse to the practice I have



The Sphinx as a Background.

in weak moments succumbed to the persuasive eloquence of others, and, beginning modestly with Trinity Church steeple, I have climbed laborious-

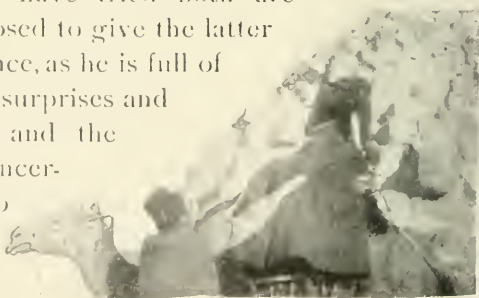
ly to the top of most of the large things in the world; I have been beguiled up the endless stairways of the Washington monument and arrived breathless at the top; I have stood within the torch of the Statue of Liberty; I have gazed at Paris from the top of the Arc de Triomphe; I have toiled up the interminable interior of the Campanile at Venice; I have been guided up the dark steep steps of the loftiest minaret of the great mosque at Damascus; I have left pleasant weather beneath me to stand in snow and fog on the Rigi and Pilatus; I have dragged my weary feet to the tops of the Seraskerat and the Galata Tower in Constantinople; I have achieved the dome of St. Paul's and the London Monument on Fish Street Hill; I have surmounted the Eiffel Tower; I have stood on the fiery cone of Vesuvius and the snow-covered peaks of the Lebanons; I have clambered into the huge ear of a half prostrate Rameses; I have been pushed, pulled, and persuaded up the great pyramid, and have sat in the lap of the Vocal Memnon, in fact I have found my way to the top of many of the largest objects in the world which are considered worth climbing, and although I devoted considerable time to the Sphinx and kodaked it devoutly from different points of view I experienced a shade of the same feeling of disappointment until I realized that it spring from the fact that I had

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not climbed to the top of it, and consequently could not feel that I had done it properly without having stood upon its highest point.

If the Sphinx is expected to rival the great pyramids as a star attraction for tourists, or retain the favor of the conscientious traveller, some method must be adopted by means of which one could, after great effort, reach the top and stand on it, as can be done with all well-regulated sights the world over. A tunnel in the sand, leading down to the commencement of a dark and tortuous winding staircase in the interior would be attractive, and why it has not been done before I cannot imagine. Herein, to my mind, lies one of the mysteries of the Sphinx.

There is some controversy as to which is the most difficult of ascent, the pyramid or the camel. Those who have tried both are rather disposed to give the latter the preference, as he is full of unexpected surprises and difficulties, and the entire uncertainty as to his subsequent move-



ments after he has unfolded a dozen or more joints beneath you and pitched you in as many

directions in the air, is remarkably perplexing.

How the misleading phrase of "the patient camel" arose I cannot conceive, as the so-called ship of the desert is the most peevish, irritable, bad-tempered, and generally disagreeable brute in creation. When you approach him as he kneels upon the sand he turns a spiteful and calculating eye upon you, as though he were reflecting as to just how disagreeable he would be able to make himself to a person of your size and general make-up. When you clamber into the uncomfortable saddle on his back he mutters with suppressed rage. If, after he has risen, you are still on his back he moans in his wrath and twists viciously around to bite your feet. His walk is annoying, his trot is torture, and his gallop is anguish, and before you have been on him five minutes you know that "the patient camel" must once have read "the patient camel rider," and that the last word has been shaken off somewhere in the desert.

The donkey, on the other hand, is a pleasant disappointment, he is strong, docile, willing, and sometimes fast, and contributes not a little to your enjoyment of the Nile trip, when you spend whole days upon his back. He is generally named *Rameses the Great*, but answers as readily to any other name, such as *Hail Columbia*. Mr. Glad-

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stone, Loie Fuller, Yvette Guilbert, or Kaiser Wilhelm, that the donkey-boy may diplomatically christen him with for the day.

He is as tireless as the bronzed figures along the Nile that toil ceaselessly from morning to night at the shadoofs, the rude and entirely inadequate



Rameses the Great, an Egyptian Donkey

appliances for irrigation, which for hundreds of miles stretch along on either bank of the river, so that you are never out of hearing of their constant creak, as the weary backs of the fellaheen bend from sunrise to sunset over the hard, monotonous task of sending a tiny little stream of water trickling through the dry, parching fields,



Fig. 1. A group of people on a beach in the tropics.

Alexandria and Cairo

on the product of which their very lives depend.

Your donkey will take you on many pleasant excursions on the Nile trip, and from the moment



Two Little Fellows, Cairo

you leave your dahabiyeh until you return you scarcely leave his back. He will stand for hours in the bazaars, while you sit on his back and bargain for silk head-shawls or curious weapons

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He will push his way through the most crowded alleys. He will wait patiently and uncomplainingly while you purchase a koorbash to accelerate his speed, and your day ended he will scamper through the narrow lanes and mud huts to the outskirts of the village, and back to the river where your boat awaits you, pausing tentatively on the way when the pretty little brown-eyed children, with voices like birds, call to the Howadji for bakshish ; and when you have dismounted he goes off at a hand gallop with the donkey boy on his back, both joyous in the prospect of an immediate repast after their day's work.



at the Landing

XII

LUXOR AND ASSOUAN

FOUR hundred and fifty miles above Cairo, on the east bank of the Nile, lies Luxor, a small town with a few thousand inhabitants, which owes its importance to the fact that it is situated close to the ruins of the great temples of ancient Thebes, that magnificent and stately city of old, with its one hundred gates and twenty thousand chariots of war.

As our dahabiych drew up to the landing-place of this town one afternoon in the early spring, we were greeted with the usual babel of sound attendant on all Nile landings—donkey boys, dragomans, and venders of spurious antiques vying with each other to attract the attention of the traveller, and, if possible, to divert his bakshish.

Among those who boarded the dahabiych as soon as the gang-plank was laid to the shore was a man in a gay-striped kiltan and red turban, who distributed little slips of freshly printed paper among the passengers, which read as follows:

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NOTICE.

ARABIC CIRCUS.

At 9 P.M. Every Night.

In consequence of the second performance which will be this evening at nine o'clock P.M., We beg you kindly to give us a call and you will be pleased of our play which is introducing of maney novels and surprising scenes, consisting of amusing Horses and Camels, etc., change daily.

In the Bazar.

ADMISSION, TWO SHILLINGS.

To one unaccustomed to Eastern scenes all out-of-door Egypt seems such a mammoth circus, with camels, dromedaries, Arabian horses, donkeys, buffaloes, jackals, hyenas, and everything complete, that I was anxious to see what the "maney novels and surprising scenes" would be: so after dinner I hailed a *hammar*, as the donkey-boys are called, and mounting a big white donkey, rode through the narrow, hot, and dusty streets toward the other side of the town to the place of the *gemel bazar*.

It was the market-day, and the streets were filled with merchants who had sold their stuffs and embroidered cloths, spices, dates, sugar-cane, camels, donkeys, buffaloes, and sheep, and were investing some of their profits in the merchandise of the town or making their way toward the tent where the circus was to take place, the direction of

which was indicated by a sound of monotonous piping, and beating on small drums. Mahmoud, my donkey-boy, ran along by my side, keeping up a cheerful flow of conversation in broken English, and expatiating upon the merits of his donkey, which, like all other donkeys which had been recommended to me, was the best in all Egypt, no other being so fast, so willing, so sure-footed, so intelligent and so beautiful withal. The donkey, in the meantime, doubtless realizing the utter impossibility of ever being all that his master claimed for him, was far from living up to the wonderful character so generously bestowed on him by his enthusiastic proprietor, being slow and stubborn, and stumbling over every loose stone in the road. Mahmoud's cry of "Yallah aigrè!" (go on faster), accompanied by a liberal



MAHMOUD

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application of the koorbash, would not provoke him to speed, nor would the frequent invocations of "U'a riglak!" (take care of your foot) prevent him from stumbling.

As it was early for the circus, which Mahmoud informed me commenced "among eight and nine," I accepted an invitation to stop for a moment at his house and take a cup of black coffee, which his wife would prepare; so my donkey was presently halted in front of a low stucco building, and I dismounted and was ushered into a dark, bare, whitewashed room, with a small divan at the side and a bright-colored rug partly hiding the dirt floor. After throwing open the shutters of the small unglazed windows, set high in the wall, Mahmoud disappeared, in order to prepare his family and render them presentable as far as possible. In a few minutes he reappeared with his small brother, Moustapha, a little brown mid-get about five years old, who was already learning to write, and had brought his slate with him in order to exhibit his accomplishments. The slate consisted of a rough sheet of ordinary roofing-tin, upon which the little scholar, sitting cross-legged on the floor, scrawled some Arabic characters with a pointed stick, which he dipped from time to time in a little pot of thick black ink. After Moustapha had given this proof of his erudition and skill, and had been rewarded with enough

piastres to keep him in sugar-cane for a month, the little wife appeared; she was a tiny thing, not more than thirteen years old, with a frightened look in her dark eyes. Young as she was, this little child-wife, in the European gown which Mahmoud had brought her from Cairo, had a baby of her own, which was presently brought in for my inspection, and Aminéh, for that was the little mother's name, seemed for all the world like a little girl with a new doll.

Through a crack in the half-closed door leading into a small court-yard at the rear I could discern other members of the family, who were evidently unprovided with company manners, and so could not make their appearance in the reception-room. Mahmoud pointed out to me his widowed mother, saying, "He my mudder; every day he cry. He no marry again. He think it much shame for him if he forget my father."

After a little cup of black coffee, thick with grounds, we bade Aminéh good-night, and proceeded to the tent where the circus was to be given. As we approached the place we passed a group of guileless-looking Bicharinés from the Soudan, who had come down with camels for sale, and were now endeavoring to add to their gains by singing to the accompaniment of rude stringed instruments, and soliciting *bakshish*.

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Two great torches flared at the entrance to the circus tent, and Mahmoud and I placed ourselves at the end of a line of blue-gowned, turbaned Egyptians, and filed in and took seats at the side of the ring, where we could obtain an uninterrupted view of the whole performance. Ali Moorad Effendi, the United States consular agent at Luxor, sat beside me and endeavored to elucidate the meaning of the performance for my benefit. Numerous oil-lamps suspended about the tent shed a rather feeble light over the rows of cheap seats at the farther side of the tent, where the greater part of the audience, in blue or brown gowns, red tarbooshes, and green and white turbans, were crowded together on the narrow boards. A little bright-faced bit of a girl about four years old was playing on the ground at the entrance of the dressing-tent, and my friend, Ali Moorad, who is a liberal and regular patron of art, and makes a point of attending the circus every night during the brief season, called my attention to the little tot, saying:

"He smart girl; he make small dances; he know all 'bout it."

Then there was a flourish of trumpets, and a small Egyptian boy came out, clad in tights and spangles, and walked and danced on the tight-rope, while a native clown clumsily endeavored to amuse the audience by going through the

Luxor and Assouan

same motions on the ground. Then came the snake charmers and jugglers, who handled



Snake Charmer and Juggler.

hooded cobra and charmed them into obedience by weird notes on a long pipe. A trained lioness

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found a handkerchief which had been hidden in a box, and restored it to its owner. A Japanese juggler did some clever tricks, and then four black men from the Soudan appeared, and while two of them twanged away on curious harps of rude construction the other pair went through a queer pantomimic dance; they wore curious black frowsy wigs, and had girdles about their waists covered with shells and highly colored beads. A weird and unmusical Europeanized Egyptian band struggled with the "Marche Boulanger" during the intermission, and the audience, which consisted almost entirely of Egyptian men—only two tourists being present in the rude stranger's box at the side—lighted cigarettes and waited patiently for the second part. This consisted of a play acted by the two clowns. As Ali Moorad explained it to me it was very amusing, and the audience, to judge by their frequent laughter, were highly delighted with its humor. One of the clowns produced an old table-cloth, which he tried to sell to the other, as he had "finish money," and wished to get more that he might go to the bazaar and buy food. The prospective purchaser pointed out the holes and defects in the cloth, whereupon the first declared that it was all the more valuable for that reason, as it was an "antika."

This provoked the laughter of the many venger-

Exposition de 1904



able gray-heads in the audience who liveth by selling "genuine antiques," which are manufactured by the ton in Luxor, to the guileless and unsuspecting traveller. Failing to convince his friend of the value of the table-cloth, the clown proposed another scheme by which money might be raised. Clown number one suggested that clown number two should stretch himself on the ground as though dead; this done, number one covered the body with the table-cloth, and commenced the wildest lamentations, which soon attracted the attention of a kind-hearted passer-by. The clown managed between the throes of his grief to explain to the stranger that his brother had just died, and that he was disconsolate, as he had not the money to provide a proper burial or a headstone for the grave. The kind-hearted traveller sympathized with him in his sorrow, and handed him a purse of gold. At this the mourner burst out in a fresh storm of weeping, wailing, and lamentations, which he kept up till the traveller was out of sight, when he turned hand-prings of delight at the success of his ruse. Meanwhile the other clown had risen, and requested a division of the spoil, which was objected to by the first, who offered, however, to change places with him, and to try the same ruse a second time. This was done, and a second charitable stranger was about to hand a purse to

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the sorrowing brother, when the cupidity of the corpse was aroused to such an extent that he rose from his winding-sheet, seized the money, and was out of sight in an instant, to the dismay of his accomplice, the bewilderment of the benevolent wayfarer, and the intense amusement of the Moslem audience.

This ended the programme, and I mounted my white donkey, and we rode back toward the Nile in the bright moonlight, which was so brilliant that you could distinguish color by it, the oranges shining like globes of gold among the green leaves of the trees as we passed the gardens sweet with the smell of roses in the cool night-air. The silence was unbroken save by the occasional faint report of a gun, which marked the death of some prowling jackal in the desert beyond the town.

On reaching the dahabiyeh Mahmoud made a parting salaam, and springing on the white donkey, gave a shrill cry, which echoed along the silent river, and then disappeared up the road in a little cloud of yellow dust, which hung like a vapor in the moonlight, while I stepped over the sleeping Egyptian sailors who were coiled up on the deck, and found my way to my bunk, to dream of Egypt until the hot sun rose high again over the yellow sand-hills.

Luxor is the centre of interest for the traveller

Luxor and Assouan

in Upper Egypt, as all the wonders of ancient Thebes lie scattered on the plains and in the mountains about it. From Luxor you are ferried across the river in small boats with your donkeys, to cross the green plain overshadowed by the great Colossi of Memnon, and to take the long,



valley of the Tombs of the Kings

hot ride in the burning sun through scorching sands and desolate barren rocks to the valley of the Tombs of the Kings. All day long, through the insufferable heat, a little brown slip of a boy seven or eight years old will run by your side as your patient donkey jogs along, and hand you from time to time the porous stone bottle or

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kolleh, with its mouth stopped by an orange, which he carries on his head. You may at first refuse it, thinking that water carried about in the hot sun so long would be a mawkish drink, but when you finally yield to his entreaties you find it cool and refreshing as ice-water, owing to the rapid evaporation from the porous clay in the fierce sunlight.

Returning from the Tombs of the Kings you come to Dayr-el-Bahree, that most wonderful find of Ahmed the Tomb Robber, from which, in July, 1881, Brugsch Bey led that majestic procession of thirty-six of the greatest kings, queens, princes, and princesses of ancient Egypt, among whom were Seti the First, Rameses the Great, and the three Tutmes, who, after over three thousand years of retirement, were once more to play an important part in Egyptian life by being placed on exhibition in the museum at Gizeh to attract tourists, a strange commentary on the futility of their herculean efforts in building huge tombs and sinking mammoth shafts into the very heart of the mountains, in order that they might lie at peace and undisturbed until the judgment day, but, on the other hand, a strong argument for the prolonged usefulness of mummied kings to a nation.

When this solemn procession of the great rulers of their ancient land floated down the river to Cairo, it was attended for miles on either bank

by thousands of the fellabeen, the women with their hair loosened, filling the air with their lamentations and throwing dust over their heads, and the men firing guns as at a funeral; a curious demonstration from the oppressed and down-trodden race, which once, under the leadership of these poor withered bodies which were now floating down the river before their very eyes, had formed the greatest and most powerful nation in the world.

I know of nothing more impressive in the whole realm of sight-seeing than to ride from Luxor to Karnak on a moonlight night and stand among the gigantic columns of the great temple. As your donkey gallops along through the streets of the town the silence is unbroken save by the snarling and barking of the Arab dogs, the ever watchful guardians of each little low mud hovel. Leaving the houses of the town you follow a long road on the top of an embankment which stretches across the low ground; and farther on, under a group of palms, you come upon the low tents of some of the desert people who have encamped for the night, and finally you stand in a great forest of gigantic columns, so huge that their proportions awe you into silence. At the foot of the columns, and in the heavy shadows, crouch the dark figures of Arab guides and beggars bundled up in their robes, and only revealed by

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the gleam of the moonlight on their long gun-barrels. On the morrow they will pester your every step with supplications for bakshish, but now they are taking their night's rest in the corridors of this great out-of-door hotel and do not intend to be disturbed, and so you may pass unmolested among the majestic ruins and great columns whose capitals are turned to silver by the brilliant moonlight of Egypt, which comes from a sky so clear that the very stars seem to have left their places to come down to hang like gigantic lanterns in the air above your head.

Above Luxor, the most interesting place on the river is Assouan. It is nearly six hundred miles above Cairo, and is the virtual terminus of navigation for the Lower Nile, as large boats cannot make their way past the first cataract, and small boats are only hauled up along the edge of the river by a most laborious process which involves hiring a whole tribe of men with a chief, or cataract reis, at their head, to pull and haul, and even then there must be a liberal distribution of bakshish before it can be accomplished. Assouan has many points of interest. Here is the beautiful island of Philæ with its magnificent temples, and the ancient Elephantine with its Nilometer. Here come caravans from the desert, from the Soudan and Abyssinia, bringing ivory and ostrich feathers, weapons, amulets, dates and tamarinds, beautiful-



Ready to shoot the Cataract

ly woven and colored basket work, small monkeys and captive hyenas ; while the bazaars are filled with curiously wrought anklets, ivory rings, silver ornaments, and whips of hippopotamus hide.

Outside the town is one of the largest outposts of the Egyptian army, and here in a huge burning sand-plain the English officers drill the awkward fellahen recruits until they make good soldiers of them, who shall one day, under the leadership of the English, reconquer the Soudan and reinvest Khartoum. Wadi Halfa is only an arbitrary line drawn across the desert, from which it is difficult to protect the attenuated strip of habitable land which stretches for two hundred miles between it and Assouan, but above is a wide expanse of green and fruitful country, watered by the many branches of the Nile, which is much easier to defend and much better worth defending, and it is only a question of time when England will assert her power here, and once more control the headwaters of the Nile, for to control these is to control the very life and existence of all Egypt.

The first cataract at Assouan is a most disappointing spectacle as a cataract, and were it not for the men and boys who make diversion for the tourists by shooting and swimming it, it would hardly be worth a visit. In a lonely waste of rough, barren country, without a habitation in

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sight, the river is forced into a narrow gorge between great rocks, rounded and polished by ages of the river's flow. Here at your approach spring, apparently from the ground, dozens of lithe-limbed, dark-skinned Nubian divers, ready, for the hope of a few piastres, to hurl themselves from the rocks into the torrent beneath, or to shoot the rapids on big logs of palm wood, on which they balance themselves as they paddle about in the still water above the falls, waiting for the promise of bakshish before embarking on their swift passage. Dozens of little brown bodies plunge into the waters, with a chug like frogs from a bank, and clamber out below, and come up naked, dripping, and smiling for piastres, which they stow away in their cheeks; and there is something so fine and so fearless about the bright eyes and shining faces of these sturdy little river gods with their sleek, shining, bronzed bodies, that they often come to your mind long after you have left Egypt and the Nile behind and returned to a civilization of top hats and patent-leather boots, of stiff collars and frock coats, of manners, customs, and amusements so much less free and wholesome and refreshing that you sometimes wish that you could be, if only for an hour, an unencumbered little brown Nubian with the sun shining on your body, and the splashing waters of the Nile rolling at your feet.

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